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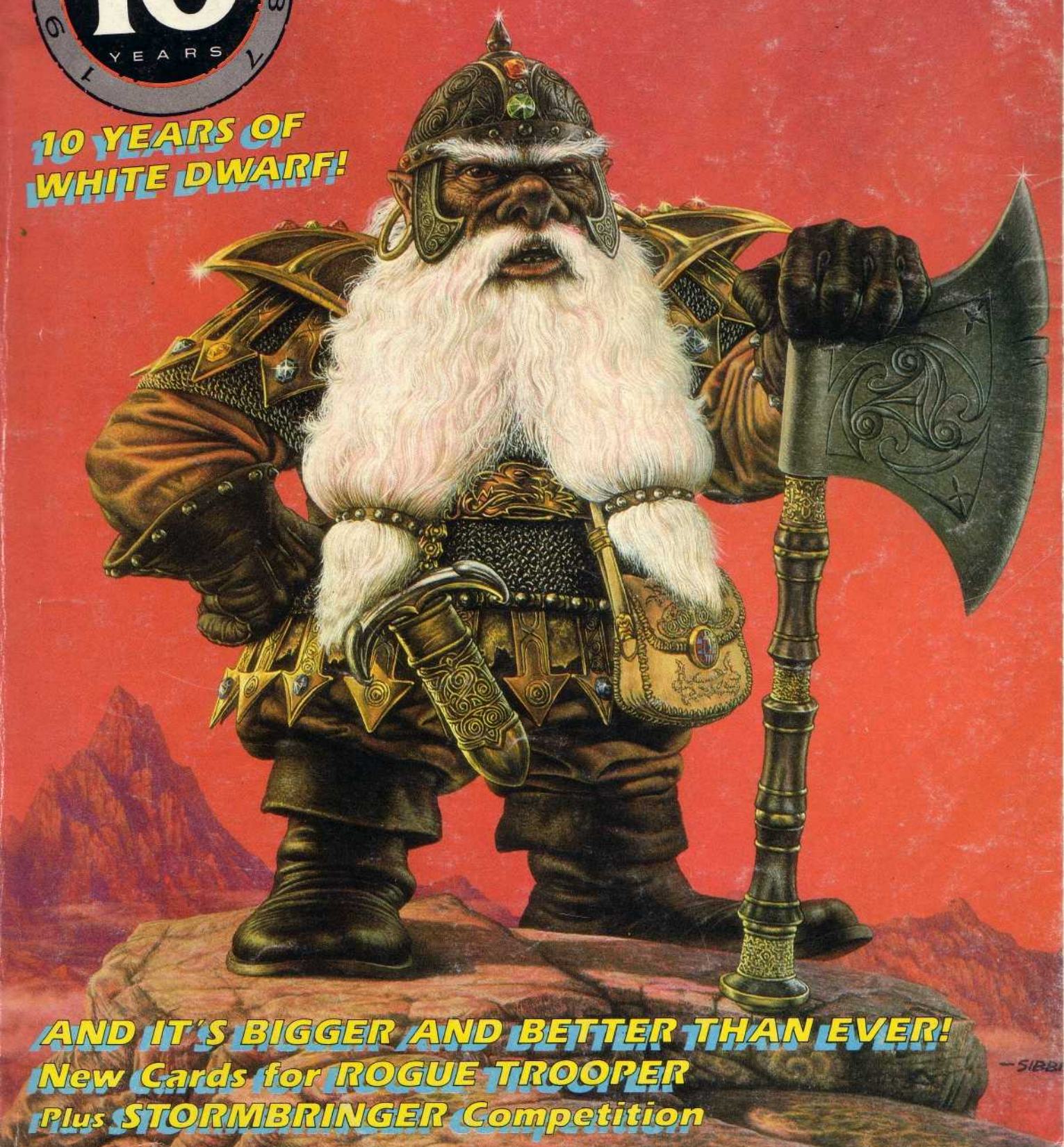

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WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 90 JUNE 1987

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'Happy Birthday to Dwarf, Happy Birthday to Dwarf, Happy Birthday Dear Dwar...'
Ahmmm. Sorry.

Ten years ago *White Dwarf* 1 arrived in my letter box. It was, quite simply, amazing. For the princely sum of 50p I got 24 black and white pages about these marvellous games that I 'wasted' my time on. This was not, I hasten to add, my term.

Issue 1 was great. It covered all two roleplaying games that I (and virtually everybody else) owned: *D&D* and *Metamorphosis Alpha*(?)... There was even the infamous Pervert D&D character class.

Then came the problem of waiting for two months until *White Dwarf* 2 turned up. While waiting it was possible (just) to find the other games player within 100 miles and compare notes on how good, bad, indifferent and/or utterly appalling *White Dwarf* had been. There might be more gamers now, but *some* old habits don't change, you know.

Other things have changed. There's the obvious stuff like the size of the magazine, the number of people who play games and read *White Dwarf* and the sheer number of games available. The choice has become staggering in under ten years.

Roleplaying games - indeed, the whole games hobby - was assumed to be a cult that would explode and then die away again just as quickly. It hasn't quite behaved in the way that it should and, ten years after the start of the best (OK, a touch of immodesty never hurt anybody) roleplaying magazine, games are still going strong.

Right, 20 years here we come!

'So, what do we do for WD100 then?'

Mike Brunton

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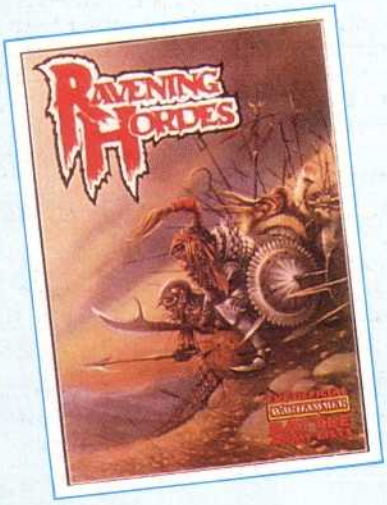
OPEN BOX

Ravening Hordes was an idea which had been thought about for a long time, but constantly put off while something more urgent needed doing. A set of army lists would be very nice, but who had the time? Enter Richard Halliwell, a returnee to the Warhammer writers' stable.

The basic aim of *Ravening Hordes* is very simple: to make available a set of army lists for some of the most popular *Warhammer Battle* forces. This is only part of the story, as each has special rules, full points values affording a choice of troops, new weapons and new troop types. Eventually ten armies were chosen, based on the ten most popular ranges of figures: they were what people would already be using for their games...



From the beginning we wanted *Ravening Hordes* to be the basis for competition Warhammer gaming. The cornerstone of competition gaming would be the army lists themselves: the lists of troop types, permitted wizards, creatures, allies and mercenaries define the nature of Dwarf, Elf, or Chaos armies (and Orcs, Goblins, Undead, Dark Elves, Skaven, Nippon, Norse, and Empire forces). There is an additional section dealing with allies which adds Giants, Gnomes, Halflings, Lizardmen, Sea Elves, Treemen and Zoats, not to mention mercenary armies, which add Hobgoblins, Ogres and human Kislevites.

New rules were also needed to cover aspects of the game that had been left to the players and GM to work out for themselves. There are now rules for generating scenery, deploying troops, advancing forces prior to the game and off-table units. There are also new formations and manoeuvre rules. Alterations were made to some existing rules (such as personal combat).

The first manuscript made it obvious that what had begun as a slim volume was going to be slightly bigger than anticipated. The finished softcover book is 80 pages long, and the first edition includes an extra A3 sheet describing five sample armies! The sections on tactics add even further detail.

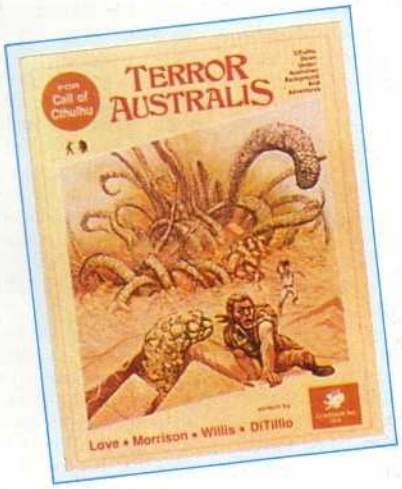
Ravening Hordes is packed with information for *Warhammer Battle* - more than in any one source other than the rules. It's not a scenario, but a scenario construction kit. There are plenty of clear diagrams and illustrations, and at £4.95, there's an awful lot for the money...

Rick Priestley

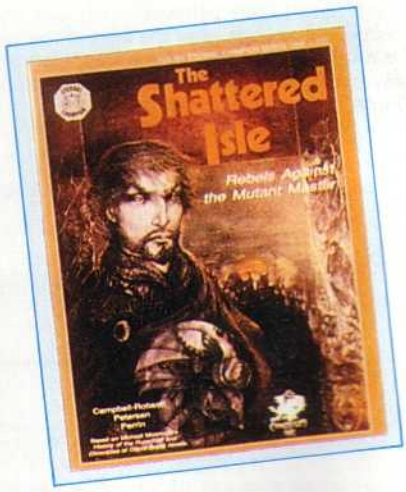
RAVENING HORDES

Warhammer Battle Game Supplement
Games Workshop £4.95

POWER BARONS
Boardgame
Milton Bradley £24.95



TERROR AUSTRALIS
Call of Cthulhu Supplement
Chaosium £14.95



THE SHATTERED ISLE
Stormbringer/Hawkmoon Supplement
Chaosium £5.95

As I'm sure you know, there are some boardgames that have a strange quality that just makes you want them, desire them, do anything to own them. With some games - like *Chainsaw Warrior* for example - it's the concept; the idea of actually running about New York with a chainsaw simply appeals. Then there are those games which just have the most incredibly lavish playing pieces, and these are the games which appeal to me. Out of all of the many games, for me the MB Games' Adult range are the ones...

Power Barons is their latest release, and just the description of it was enough to make me slaver for a copy. It's rather disappointing, then, to report that unlike earlier releases (such as *Axis & Allies* and the awesome *Conquest of Empire*) this game is rather lacklustre. Of course, the components are gross in every way. Take the board: it measures almost a metre square (that's two *Blood Bowl* pitches stuck together!), yet comes as a one-piece fold-up affair. It depicts a map of the world, divided up into four specific territories based around the major continents. Dotted about these territories are what the rules call 'power bases' - areas devoted to transportation, communications, finance and energy. The basic object of the game is to manoeuvre and weedle your way around the board's outer track until you have managed to build 3 different power bases in each opponent's territory.

All that is quite simple, and indeed in basic play this is indeed the case. Using a gigantic pawn which features (for no apparent reason) a slot-in tycoon's head, you hop about the track acquiring and losing assets (represented as cards detailing the four power bases together with a fifth - political influence) via a variety of fair and foul means. All this is a bit abstract and doesn't realistically simulate the cut-and-thrust of high finance to any great extent.

When you think you have enough assets, however, you may make a challenge for another player's power base, as if you were making a takeover bid. The challenge is quite convoluted, and works by using the asset cards in a face to face duel, comparing monetary values and power base types through a series of rounds. If you win you get to place a large power base marker (a plane on a stand, a radar dish, a giant dollar sign or a huge oil derrick) in your opponent's country. This requires some thought and skill; skill, I might add, which is soon acquired in repeated games. The basic tactic seems to be to acquire a healthy range of assets so you are prepared for any challenge which comes your way.

All in all I found the game initially attractive - because of the out-and-out grossness of the components, and in play rather disappointing. Expecting something like *Dallas* didn't prepare me for what was an abstract and rather simplistic game which didn't deserve quite such a lavish production job. I guess they just make everything bigger in the USA.

Marc Gascoigne

G'day. Well stiffen the lizards, this new product for *Call of Cthulhu* will make any digger as happy as Larry. Yes this is it, the sourcebook for life Down Under, complete with a guide to Australian slang. Set in 1920s Australia, **Terror Australis** covers geographical information, lifestyles, transport and an Australian timeline.

The most interesting part is the section on the aborigines. This covers their origins and way of life and draws attention to the sheer size of the country and numerous the tribes that inhabit it. The section on Alcheringa (the Dreamtime or Dreaming) makes compulsive reading. Alcheringa exists invisibly along side of the real world, and while usually disassociated from it, it meets the real world at certain spiritually important points. It is the sacred duty of the aborigines to maintain these sites and feed energy into them. For as long as they do so Alcheringa will exist and so will the world. With the coming of the white man, many of these sites were destroyed and the aborigines driven from their tribal homes, disease took a terrible toll and the aboriginal population decreased alarmingly. The Dreaming was interrupted and the people suffered accordingly. Alcheringa is described in detail along with all its strange inhabitants. While it bears some similarity to Lovecraft's Dreamlands it is different in many ways and the two are effectively distinct.

Australia is now white man's land and the aborigines survive as best they can. Alcheringa still exists and occasionally intrudes into the Europeans lives. The *Pride of Yirrimburra* and *Old Fellow That Bunyip* draw adventurers into the strange world of Australian myth. Both adventures build steadily in atmosphere and act as excellent introductions to Australian life. These are ideal for any investigator visiting Down Under who enjoys a good mystery and especially recommended for keepers who cannot resist hamming up NPCs. Both adventures will keep players in suspense and superbly capture the flavour of their subject.

The third adventure is *City Beneath the Sands*, the 'missing' part of *Masks of Nyaralathotep*. Although part of *MoN*, this can easily be played on its own and ample information is provided to allow a keeper to do so. Of the three adventures, it is the weakest, as it calls for a well armed and equipped party to survive all of its rigours. Even so it does have a brooding feel about it and surviving investigators can congratulate themselves on a job well done.

Terror Australis is a real beaut of a product an' that. Ideal for perusing beside a billybong as your billy boils or while having a spell in the local giggle house. This bonzer book will keep ya players as busy as a one-armed bill poster in a high wind and enjoying every minute of it. Fair Dinkum.

Jim Bambra

The Shattered Isle is the first supplement and adventure for the *Hawkmoon* game and as an added bonus it can be used with *Stormbringer* as well. This supplement provides much needed background to *Hawkmoon*, as it includes extensive information on over 50 of Granbretan's Beast Orders and an insight to life in Londra. While this may not be of much use to *Stormbringer* GMs, the information on interdimensional travel will prove invaluable if your players ever express a desire to leave the Young Kingdoms for other planes.

The main bulk of the book is taken up with two scenarios set in the oppressed island of Eire. Lying so close to Granbretan it has provided nobles of the Dark Empire with an ideal hunting ground, particularly as no one is bothered what happens to the peasants there, and to make matters worse the isle has also been used as a weapons testing ground. Still nothing too unusual for a land under the sway of Granbretan. However, there is something happening in Eire which threatens to disrupt the Cosmic Balance, and so enter the adventurers.

Unlike other adventures, *Shattered Isle* does not rely on a single entry point for the players. No less than 7 possible introductions are provided. These cover enough different openings that any group of players can be successfully drawn into this adventure. Whether players are motivated by self-interest, greed, a desire to do good or are just down right chaotic, a hook for them is provided. These hooks are not just for Tragic Millennium adventurers, but for *Stormbringer* characters as well. Travel across the planes to the Shattered Isle and face new dangers in a world where Law holds sway.

The adventure is fast paced, and potentially deadly in places. Adventurers would be advised to tread carefully in some areas, but in others violence is the only solution open to them and death may claim a few characters before the adventure ends.

As an added bonus there is another adventure set in Eire which, while more mundane in its consequences than the earlier one, is just as good. This too has numerous entry points for the players and these play a big part in shaping the subsequent adventure. This is also open ended allowing the GM to base an extended campaign in Eire.

Both adventures successfuly capture the flavour of the Hawkmoon novels. They are very Moorcockian, containing those weird and baroque elements which make Michael Moorcock such a distinctive writer. Chaosium have done a good job with the Eternal Champion line. It should appeal to both *Hawkmoon* and *Stormbringer* players.

Peter Green

WIZARD'S REVENGE
BENEATH TWO SUNS
PINNACLE
CRYSTAL BARRIER
Fantasy Roleplaying Adventures (AD&D)
Mayfair Games £4.95 each

These four adventures, like everything else Mayfair publish under the *Role Aids* logo, are designed for used with *AD&D*, but not approved by TSR. Each of these is a 32 page book with a colour cover (except *Crystal Barrier*, which is 40 pages long).

Wizard's Revenge is for level 3-8 characters, and in fact it would be difficult to play it with any characters other than those provided. A party of four Elves and a party of four Dwarves are provided, and the first 15 pages of the adventure are merely by way of setting things up; there are extensive and very atmospheric introductions for both Elves and Dwarves, a lot of historical background, and a few preliminaries before the two groups meet up and decide that they must combine forces. All of this is fairly well done - the insights into Elven and Dwarven society and culture are particularly interesting - but from here things go downhill.

After all the introductions and preliminaries have been dealt with, there are only 16 pages or so for the adventure itself, and as might be expected it has turned out very light on detail and very sketchily written - little more than a series of one-paragraph-per-room map keys, in fact.

Wizard's Revenge is the fourth *Role Aids* adventure to feature Fez, the wizard of time travel, who must be important because he gets a ™ all to himself, as well as a selection of time-based spells that will have hardware buffs twitching. I haven't seen the previous three Fez adventures, but it seems that they all stand alone, rather than being connected in a campaign series. When he first appears, he has been accidentally summoned from the Illinois-Ohio football game, is dressed in a sweatshirt, jeans and a baseball cap and clutching a can of cold beer. All very well if you like this sort of whimsy. The dungeons themselves (there are several) are small, mostly sketchily written, and favour traps and riddles. There is a lot which can only be described as corny - 'Penultimate Mountain' next to 'Last Mountain', for example - and the whole thing was very reminiscent of the kind of AD&D adventure that *White Dwarf* was publishing seven or eight years ago. It has its good moments, but it also has its bad half hours.

Beneath Two Suns is, to quote the cover, 'The authorized and approved module based on Dray Prescot, created by Alan Burt Akers'. It is for 4-6 characters of levels 6-8. I've read a couple of the Prescot books, and wasn't particularly struck by them; hardened fans may well get more out of this adventure than I did. As with *Wizard's Revenge*, player characters are supplied, from a variety of backgrounds including Victorian London, and the adventure starts when they are all flung into a kind of limbo and wake up in chains breaking rocks in a quarry on the world of Kregen. There are some notes on local culture and wildlife, taken from the books, but not a great deal.

The adventure itself is a complicated piece of skullduggery, as can be seen from the daunting-looking flowchart at the front. Much of it is laid out in the manner of a gamebook, and the format may restrict the party's possible actions uncomfortably. Having said that, though, there is a nice balance between fighting and role-playing, and this is a far better proposition than *Wizard's Revenge*, especially if the GM is prepared to put in a bit of preparation work and wing it if the party get away from the expected plot.

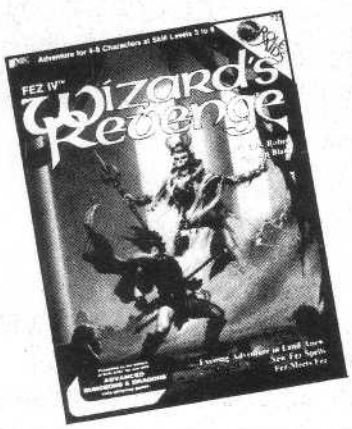
Pinnacle has an interesting cover, with three practically-naked people attempting to die of frostbite up a mountain. Designed for 4-6 characters of levels 4-5, and concerns a race to the top of a mountain organised by the Gentlemen's Adventuring Society, a kind of safari club for aristocrats. As with the other adventures, player characters are supplied, but do not appear to be necessary. A mystery hangs over the society, and the characters will need investigative skills as well as climbing and fighting ability to deal with a couple of quite nasty new monsters. The climb itself takes up nearly a third of the 32 pages, and is entertaining as well as challenging. The whole adventure will appeal to a group who prefer investigation and role-playing to simple dungeon bashes, and with a GM who is good at colourful NPCs, it could be a real delight.

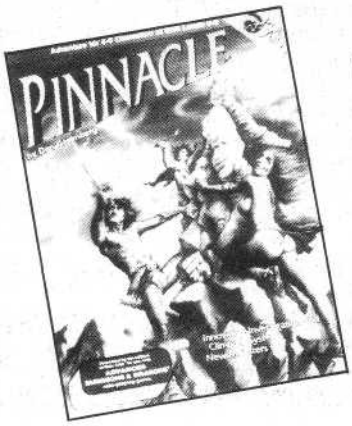
Crystal Barrier is written by Cary Glaberson, the author of Mayfair's *Dragons* supplement, and draws information from that work, although it is not dependant upon it. The Dragons of the Dragonlands are split by civil war, and the player characters (again, these are supplied) are plunged into the thick of it, being magically roped in by one side to destroy a drug which could swing the balance of the war. The dragons are not the standard AD&D variety, but can still put up a respectable fight, and the party is well advised to co-operate, at least at first.

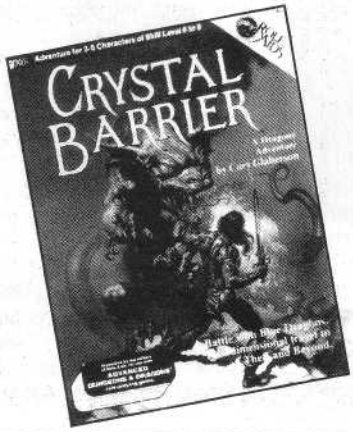
The party is flung into another dimension through the crystal barrier of the title, and there are some interesting effects and monsters around, as well as some hard fights if the random encounters go against the party. 60 Ghouls could give even a quite well-equipped 6th-8th level party a fair amount of trouble. The main villain is a very nasty piece of work, and has a range of new spells and special powers which will appeal to hardware buffs once again. The showdown in his castle is a standard dungeon bash, and so, really, is the whole adventure, but the special effects of this alternate dimension make it more interesting than the general run of hack and slay adventures. It's quite heavy going, and I think it might give a party of up to 10th level a good run for their money. There are powerful monsters, less powerful ones in great numbers (in some encounters, it may be easier to use *Battlesystem* if you have it, rather than the standard AD&D rules), and a couple of whimsical touches that you will either love or loathe, like zombies wearing magical sunglasses which allow them to see through fog, and a gnoll with a pump-action shotgun. There is a very interesting twist to the final encounter, too, which may lead to a dilemma for at least one member of the party. If you're looking for an old-fashioned mid-level dungeon bash with some interesting twists, this one is for you.

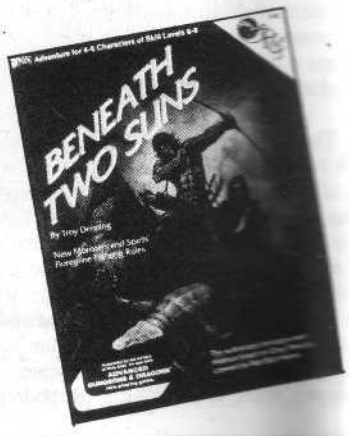
Overall, these adventures reminded me of the kind of think that Judges' Guild were producing five or six years ago; great diversity, variable quality, but mostly rooted in the original all-action, monster-stomping spirit of AD&D. Certainly they shouldn't be despised just because they don't have 'official' status, and provided you're prepared to look before you buy, there could be some real finds here.

Graeme Davis









AWESOME LIES

Work in Progress

New arrival *Stephen Hand*, the brains (not to mention the tattered flesh) behind **Chainsaw Warrior**, is currently working on **Chaos Marauders**, a quick-and-easy two-player board game. A Chaos army splits into two factions on the way to a battle, and each side must try to build up a strong line of battle before the other.

Rogue Trooper and **Warhammer** author Richard Halliwell has just finished the design of **Block Mania**, the second of GW's *Judge Dredd* boardgames. A fast-moving blend of board wargame and structural demolition, Block Mania has a unique command points system to ensure just the right level of chaos as counters change sides and lots and lots of things catch fire.

Dungeon Lairs will be the next floor plans product, along the lines of **Dungeon Rooms** with complete monster lairs including sewers, goblin tunnels, a web-filled spider lair and a magma pit for those high-level encounters. As well as twelve sheets of floor-plans, the box will include a booklet of room descriptions, with stats and special rules for **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** enabling you to start playing straight away.

Beccon '87

Was apparently a great success, with 800 people attending, and the games room, which could accomodate fifty people, overflowing into the corridors. There was also a live roleplaying event called 'Alien Encounter', scripted by, among others, Ian Watson and Dave Langford. Next Easter's British Science Fiction Convention will be Follycon, to be held in Liverpool. All enquiries to Follycon, 104 Pretoria Road, Patchway, Bristol.

A Stirring in the Colonies

Baltimore seems to be the place to be at the moment - we received the following two items in rapid succession:

The first Baltimore Dragonmeet will take place at the Marriott Inner Harbor between 10am on Friday November 27th and 6pm on Sunday November 29th. Our Man in America, Tim Olsen, promises 24-hour-a-day gaming, official tournaments, a dealers' room, guest panels, a slide show - even a swimming pool, for heaven's sake. Tickets cost $15.00 for the whole weekend if you register before August 1st, $20.00 if you register after August 1st, or $7.50 for one day. Attendance is limited to 750 places, so don't delay!

And then there's the Armory Military History Museum, which has just opened at 4149 Amos Avenue, with memorabilia form all of the wars fought by the U.S. So why are we mentioning it here? Because the press release mentions 'a comprehensive collection of military miniature figures... from ancient Egyptian through Mediaeval to modern times, plus examples of the military of the future', as well as 'miniature figures from mythology and history'.

Vitally Important Announcement

Attention, friend citizen. It has come to the Computer's attention that the traitorous Boba-V-ERY-6, who has previously disclosed restricted information in *It's a long way to Tipper-R-ARY* (WD83), has been touring the shop sectors of the outlawed commie mutant *Games Workshop* organisation conducting demonstrations of a treasonable game entitled *Paranoia*. Conscientious citizens have reported four sightings so far, each of which has led to the termination of large numbers of traitors. The Computer urges all citizens to stay alert and report all further sightings. Failure to comply with this directive constitutes treason, as indeed does reading this restricted information. Please report for termination, friend citizen. Have a nice day.

Did You Know...?

Joe Thomas of Sheffield has discovered an interesting fact. Did you know that the largest recorded litter of hamsters - 26 of the small furry things - was born in 1974 to a golden hamster owned by L and S Miller of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Not the almost-legendary Laurielle Miller, by any chance?

Paint Yer Dragon...

You may remember that Games Workshop ran an advert for figure painters a few issues back. The end result was that *'Sid'* (his real name is a complete and utter secret) and *Mike McVey* now have a corner each in the hamster - sorry, Artists' - run... room. Room.

Even with Sid, Mike and *Colin Dixon* (who was offered a job after winning the *Design a Chaos Banner* Competition in the Citadel Journal), GW are still likely to want more figure painters. If you're in the East Midlands area and think that you could be another Colin Dixon (you mean, there's more than one?), then perhaps you should try sending a sample of your work to Bryan Ansell at Citadel Miniatures, although you might have to wait 4-6 weeks for a reply. You can find the address on any of Citadel's adverts.

Games Fair '87

Was a quiet but not unpleasant affair, according to TSR's *Rik Rose*. The UK AD&D Open Championship was won by Phil Chappell, with Mike Lowery and Sharon Springel taking the runners-up prizes. The team competition was won by John Watson's *Baron Klaptrapp von Schpillzebeanz and the Varsinger McPukes Grossenbangen Kaputwagen IV*, who should also have won some kind of prize for the name. Incidentally, the Open competition adventure, *The Chosen Few*, used the new *Forgotten Realms* campaign setting. Next year's event is already being planned, and we are informed that it will be even bigger better and probably still in Reading.

More Marathons

After the two charity marathons mentioned last month, we hear that another will take place on July 24th-26th in St Albans, with proceeds going to Cancer Research and the Heart Foundation. They are aiming for 48 hours, and will be playing almost every game you've ever heard of. Contact address is Mr D Van-Cauter, 5 Penn Road, Park Street, St Albans, Herts AL2 2QS. This group has previously raised upwards of £600 for various charities, and seem to be regular news in the local paper - they're going for the magic thousand this time, so give them your support if you're in the area.

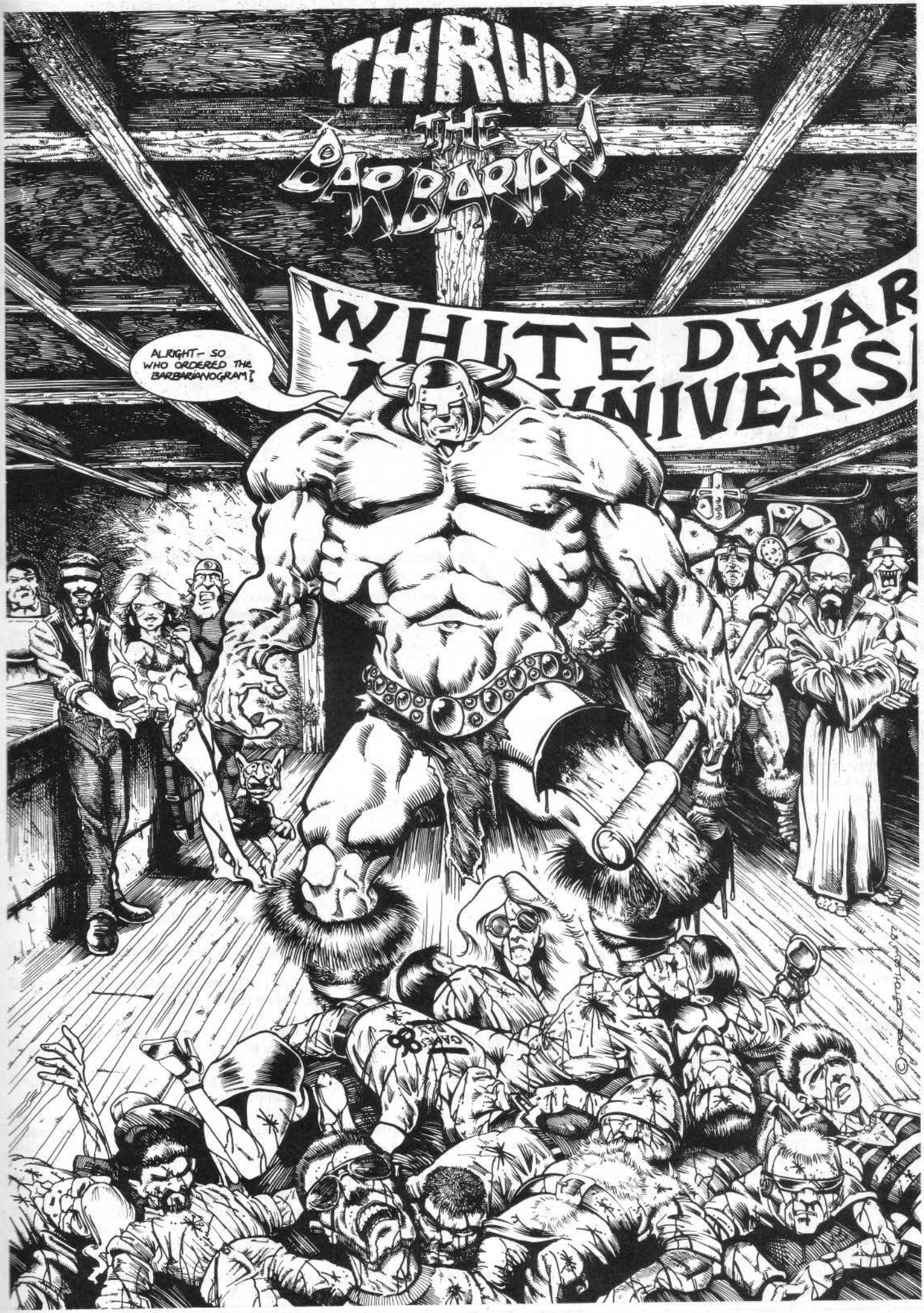
A Look Ahead

ICE have unveiled **Sherlock Holmes Solo Mysteries**, a series of gamebooks, and due for release in September - the first two titles are *Murder at the Diogenes Club* and *The Black River Emerald*. We may not see them over here, though - I seem to recall that there was some problem with ICE's *Tolkien Quest* gamebooks that led to them being withdrawn from the UK market.

Battlesystem marches on, with **H3 Bloodstone Wars** due for US release in July. Let's hope it's better than H2, reviewed in WD88. Also out in July is **OA4 Blood of the Yakuza**, and August should see **IM3 The Best of Intentions** for the D&D Immortals rules, which is described as a 'light-hearted adventure'.

After the mention of New Infinities' **Gord the Rogue** books last month, it seems the TSR are continuing to produce **Greyhawk** novels - the fourth one, **The Price of Power**, is due in July, written by Rose Estes, one of the names behind the early **Endless Quest** gamebooks.

You may think that solo gamebooks have exhausted all the possibilities, but Berkeley Publishing, publishers of the Ace SF list, have launched a series of tactical military gamebooks, set in the worlds of 'your favourite SF authors', which apply the gamebook format to wargaming instead of roleplaying. The first title, *Cut by Emerald*, is based on Piers Anthony's *Bio of a Space Tyrant*, and you take the role of Lt Col Emerald Sheller, leading a task force against a pirate fleet. Future titles will draw upon Heinlien's *Starship Troopers*, Drake's *Hammer's Slammers* and Zelazny's *Amber*.


THRUD THE BARBARIAN
WHITE DWAR
UNIVERS
ALRIGHT – SO WHO ORDERED THE BARBARIANOGRAM?

Illustrated by Dave Carson

GREEN AND LANGUAGE PLEASANT

by Marcus Rowland

*Just before **Green & Pleasant Land**, the Games Workshop **Call of Cthulhu** supplement, went to the printer, **something** decided to remove one of the sections. Most odd. Still, one man's loss is a White Dwarf's gain ... So here it is - the section **they** tried to ban - Languages in Green & Pleasant Land.*

Whilst the dictum "Britain and America are two countries separated by a common language" is fairly accurate, it is even more correct to say that Britain itself is a collection of several countries. In the time before radio and television became wide-spread, the regional variation in language was vast. The difference in language between classes could be almost as large.

It is beyond the scope of this artcile to give detailed information about Welsh, Cornish, Gaelic and other non-English languages, which were widely spoken in the more remote corners of the country. Instead what follows is a collection of common slang words of the period, together with a brief glossary for Mummerset, a fictional but fairly representative country dialect.

Slinging The Bat

The following is a short list of common slang words and phrases used during the period in question. By no means would every word be used by everyone. Many words are keyed by origin, and should only be used by the appropriate classes. For example, an aristocrat would not understand cockney or criminal slang, but would probably be familiar with military terms, and would certainly know words corrupted from native languages around the Empire. Some entries are also dated to indicate the period of useage. The symbols used to indicate origin are: * - Cockney Rhyming Slang; % - Criminal; £ - Upper class; † - Military; and $ - American.

Adam & Eve (*) - Believe; eg, "Don't you Adam & Eve it".

Algy (£) - Any young male aristocrat.

Ally Pally - Alexandra Palace, the site of the first BBC TV studios.

Apples (and pears) (*) - Stairs.

Atmospherics - Radio static.

Away (%) - In prison.

Back number ($) - A has-been.

Bags - Trousers, after fashion for baggy trousers, first developed at Oxford University.

Bee's knees (1930-) - Beautiful, perfect, eg, "She's the bee's knees".

Beetle-crusher (†) - A heavy boot.

Bint (†) - Woman, especially a prostitute, from the Arabic for 'daughter'.

Bird (%) - A period in prison, eg, "He's done bird".

Blag (%) - Steal, especially pocket watches and chains.

Blighty (†) - England, from the Hindi for 'European'.

Blotto - Drunk.

Bobby - Policeman, after Sir Robert Peel, founder of the Police.

Boche (†) - A German.

Bog-trotter - Irishman (abusive).

Boodle ($) - Money.

Bounder - Term of mild abuse often used to indicate breaches of social protocol; eg, "The chap's a complete bounder".

Bradshaw - The railway timetable.

Brick (£) - A loyal, dependable fellow.

Cad (£) - A cheat or otherwise thoroughly dishonourable fellow.

Char - Tea, cockney corruption of the Chinese "ch'a".

Chump (£) - Idiot; eg, "We've been right chumps, Algy".

Civilian (%) - Anyone who isn't a criminal.

Clink (%) - Any small prison.

Conchie (or Conchy) - A conscientious objector (to conscription). Abusive.

Cracksman (%) - Burglar.

Dago - A person of Latin race, normally Spanish. A corruption of the name 'Diego'.

Demob - Leave the services.

Dickey - A detatchable stiff shirt front.

Dip (%) - A pick-pocket.

Egg - A person, normally a "good egg" or a "bad egg".

Flapper - Fashionable young woman.

Fly a kite (%) - Cash a bad cheque.

Foozle - A mistake, especially in sport.

Frog and toad (*) - Road.

Frost - A fiasco; eg, "It was a complete frost".

Funk - Avoid out of fear; eg, "He's funked it".

Gasper - A cigarette, originally a cheap brand.

Gay - Slightly drunk.

Gong (†) - Medal.

The Governor - Father.

The Great War - World War I.

Half inch (*%) - Steal, from pinch.

Hash - Spoil; eg, "He's made a right hash of it".

Juggins - Fool.

Kibosh - Spoil, ruin; eg, "That's put the kibosh on it". Pronounced "ky-bosh".

Nabob (†) - Any rich and influential man.

Cop a packet - Get wounded.

Play the giddy goat - Play the fool.

Plug - Punch; eg, "The cad plugged me and ran off".

Pukka (†) - Real, genuine.

Readies - Bank notes.

Rum - Odd; eg, "It's a rum do alright".

Skin and blister (*) - Sister.

Skivvy - Female servant of low rank.

Sling the bat - Speak the (foreign) language.

Slush (%) - Counterfeit money.

Strike a light! - Expression of surprise.

Tip-Top - Excellent, splendid.

Tommy (†) - British soldier, "Tommy Atkins" was the typical soldier used in wartime propaganda.

What ho! (£) - Greeting.

Mummerset

The word 'Mummerset' is used to describe a composite regional dialect used by authors who can't be bothered to research the correct vocabulary for the area in question. This makes it ideal for quickly adding some atmosphere to a country setting. The basic rules are very simple:-

1. Slur words wherever possible.

2. Use "arr" and "they do say" a lot.

3. Always use the wrong pronoun; eg, "they" for "those" as in "they there cows" ("those cows over there").

4. Mix singular and plural; eg, "They was", "It were".

5. Use "sir" (pronounced "sorr") or "Ma'am" ("Marrm") when talking to any apparent social superior.

6. Everyone from any other area is a foreigner (pronounced "furriner"), with the possible exception of villages within a five-mile radius. There is no distinction as to degree of foreign-ness.

7. Use rambling and totally irrelevant digressions as often as possible to convey the minimum of information in the maximum number of words.

8. For added regional definition there are a few local terms with which you can punctuate the conversation. Scots add "och aye", "hoots, mon" and "the noo", and use a slightly high-pitched voice. Irish variants add "begorrah" and "saints preserve us". The Welsh add "Boyo" and "Look you".

9. There is a 50% chance that the first person that an outsider talks to will be the village idiot.

10. All country folk are intensely superstitious.

11. All country folk have an immense capacity for ale.

Some typical Mummerset words and phrases follow. The translations are not always accurate, but rather illustrate the sort of thing the speaker might be trying to say:

Mummerset	English
Arr, it be warm weather	*I'd like you to buy me a drink*
As what I seed	*That I know of - literally "that I saw"*
Come Michaelmas fortnight	*Next Sunday*
Gaffer	*Boss*
Gammer	*Grandmother*
He be a furriner	*He's from Guildford / London / Scotland / France / R'lyeh / Mars*
He's not from these parts	*See "He be a furriner"*
Hern	*Her*
I b'aint deaf	*I am deaf and/or senile but I won't admit it*
It's a good way	*It's between 500 yards and 10 miles*
About a mile or so	*At least two miles*
It's a toidy step	*More than two miles*
Nice weather, me old beauty	*I'd like you to buy me a drink (to a friend of the same social level)*
Oop	*Up*
Out on thee!	*Get out!*
There's trouble oop at t'mill	*The Keeper is trying for a cheap laugh*
They do say	*A prelude to superstitious rubbish*
Thirsty sort of day, sorr	*I'd like a drink, sir (to a social superior)*
Twer the day the cow calved	*It was last Wednesday*
Un	*Him / us / them*

Author - Marcus Rowland

10 YEARS ON

A Decade of White Dwarf 1977-1987

by Ian Livingstone
co-founder of Games Workshop and editor of White Dwarf 1977-1986

Nothing much was happening in January 1975. It was cold, of course, and I was sharing a flat in a grotty part of Shepherd's Bush with two old school friends, Steve Jackson and John Peake. Playing boardgames was always preferable to television, and eating baked beans on toast on our laps was more economically realistic than dinner at The Ritz. Marathon games of *Diplomacy, Stalingrad* and *The Warlord* took place, and rows of Macedonian figures lined the mantlepiece waiting for the call of battle.

Late one evening, the idea of starting a games company popped up. Why not? After all, just about every British games company made unimaginative games: *Monopoly* variants at best. The three of us were wildly enthusiastic without a clue or a care about what or how we were going to manufacture, sell or pay for games. But, assuming that something would turn up, we thought we would at least think of a name for our company. *Games Garage* and *Galactic Games* were proposed, ridiculed and discarded. We had decided to go to the conventional route and make a range of classic games, so we concluded that Steve's suggestion of *Games Workshop* would be most appropriate, conjuring up images of wood chippings and fine craftsmanship. John was the craftsman and, having been inspired by the backgammon boards that he'd seen in Greece whilst on holiday, he set about the daunting task of inlaying mahogany and cherry veneers with consumate ease.

However, a tiny third-floor flat is not designed for light industrial use - in the end there's only so much sawdust a man can take! Everything turned brown, including our food, until everything resembled brown bread and HP sauce. Our face masks made us look like bandits, but anything was better than breathing the air. Friends had to be warned before they came up to visit us; a girlfriend who foolishly decided to varnish her nails complained that they had a finish like sandpaper. Undaunted by all this we quickly broadened the range to include solitaire boards (converted bread boards from the Reject Shop) and Go boards (veneered chipboard boxes). I went out and sold them to unsuspecting shops and Steve happily sent out the invoices.

Flushed with our success, we decided to go into publishing, and February 1975 saw the birth of *Owl & Weasel*, a magazine that would rock the games world. *O&W* was published by games players for games players, all 60 of them. This 4-page instant print rag was going to inspire Waddingtons to make a range of adventure games, or so we believed... Needless to say at this point we all had regular jobs as Games Workshop was hardly a multi-national. Mine happened to be in marketing and I suggested that we mail out a free issue of *O&W* to the subscribers of (then) recently defunct 'zine *Albion*, which had been admirably produced by Don Turnbull.

One of the recipients of *Owl & Weasel* was Brian Blume in a place called Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. *(Where?)* Brian wrote to us with glowing praise for O&W, which didn't come as much of a surprise at the time since we believed we deserved glowing praise. With the benefit of hindsight, I would say that *O&W* could have been improved here and there... Brian also told us that his company had just published a fantasy role playing game (a what?) and that it had been turned down by major US games manufacturers. Brian and a certain Gary Gygax had gone into business and a review copy of this 'fantasy roleplaying game' was on the way to us for comment. The three of us were puzzled but expectantly waited for the package - after all, a review copy is a review copy. Two weeks later a parcel arrived from the States and we opened it to find a grubby brown box holding three unintelligible rules booklets called *Dungeons & Dragons*.

We played it and were hooked. We knew then and there that this was for Games Workshop, and the classic games went out of the window. Alas, John did not like the change and he left Steve and I to it. Steve wrote to what was to become TSR and asked if we could import D&D sets into the UK. Brian Blume wrote back asking how many copies we were going to order. This was a tough question. Steve and I discussed the matter that evening in the pub and we finally decided on... six! This was the big time. We typed out our massive order and sent it off the next day, and sat back to wait for the shipment.

They say that you need a bit of luck in business, and then you have to make the most of the opportunities that come your way. Well, we were lucky that the original copy of D&D appeared through our letterbox. We were even luckier that TSR was also in its formative stage: it was two guys in a flat (like us). They thought our order was pretty hefty, and rewarded us with a three year UK agreement. Steve turned issue 6 of *Owl & Weasel* into a D&D special and the orders started to roll in. People even turned up at the flat, expecting to find a shop, but instead received the full wrath of our landlady before we could whisk them upstairs to the top floor dungeon. The number of parcels arriving on our doorstep increased rapidly, and we knew our days were numbered as far as our tenancy was concerned.

Gary Gygax wrote and told us about GenCon, the gaming convention in Lake Geneva. The next one was to be in August 1976, and Steve and I decided to go to the States, have a holiday and end up at GenCon. Games Workshop was to go into summer recess for three months as we drove from New York to Los Angeles and back to Chicago. We were naturally acclimatising ourselves to

the American way of life to enable us to negotiate big deals at GenCon! The convention was great and we picked up a number of exclusive agencies which made the trip very worthwhile. This was just as well, as both of us had now given up our full-time jobs back home.

We flew back to Britain with big hopes, ahead of the games we had ordered. There was just one tiny problem: we had nowhere to live. This minor problem was not allowed to inhibit us, as Steve had a van... Sleeping in a van is mostly OK; washing facilities are somewhat lacking, and storage could be better. Undaunted, we joined a squash club so that we could use the showers every morning, and rented a room about the size of a breadbin at the back of an Estate Agency as our office. Games Workshop was back in business. And at last we got another flat, albeit a rundown Victorian slum!

Mail order sales grew, but shops were still reluctant to stock these weird role playing games. What we needed was a vehicle to promote the games (not the van). The writing was on the wall for *O&W*. After 25 glorious issues of fanzine fun, it was time to call it a day and put our savings and energies into a new publication. It was April '77 and we had to think of a name for our new magazine.

Over the years, one of the questions I have most often been asked is: why is *White Dwarf* called *White Dwarf*? We wanted the magazine to feature both fantasy and science fiction gaming and so decided on a name that covered both of these genres. A dwarf obviously is a stocky little warrior in fantasy terms, but a white dwarf is also an extremely dense star in the sky. The name's sort of logical when you think about it.

Putting the first issue of 'glossy' magazine together is a nightmare. Where do you go for typesetting? How do you commission professional artists? How do you sell advertising space? Which printers do you use? How many copies do you print? And how do you sell them?

After writing most of the articles ourselves, our flat was also the venue for design and paste-up. The whole place reeked of Cow Gun, and headaches were the order of the day. But at last White Dwarf was ready for the printers, and we decided to print 4,000 copies, which was the number we pulled out of a hat.

Somehow we sold them. In retrospect this is quite surprising, if only because there were certainly less than 4,000 D&D owners in the UK at the time. Maybe it was the wizard being decapitated on the cover... Or maybe it was the bare-breasted warrior woman on page 11... It might have even been the quality of the articles... But whoever bought issue 1, thank you very much indeed.

And here we are, ten years later: *White Dwarf* has evolved with the growth of the hobby and this tenth birthday issue bears little resemblance to issue 1, although that's hardly

surprising. In the very early days when I was editor, for example, there was certainly no money for the luxury of colour. Even if there had been, we couldn't have afforded to pay for professional artists. Or photographs (what were they?). The whole magazine was put together by enthusiasm and a belief in what we were doing. We paid contributors a pittance, they seldom complained, and they should get a vote of thanks for their work. As the years rolled on, *White Dwarf* became a professional magazine - over 50,000 people now buy it every month. Games Workshop also grew up to become a professional games company, and now employs over 180 full time staff.

In 1985, we decided to appoint Bryan Ansell as Managing Director of Games Workshop. A ship sails a truer course under one captain, not to mention the fact that writing *Fighting Fantasy* Gamebooks and running Games Workshop was beginning to take its toll on Steve's and my sanity! Bryan has done a wonderful job, and has made Games Workshop a manufacturing force, first with Citadel Miniatures and more recently with games production. Under Bryan's leadership, I think it won't be too long before Games Workshop becomes the number one adventure games company in the world. It's already number two.

Roleplaying games were once an obscure cult hobby and now they can be found on most high streets. Are people pleased that RPGs have become more high profile, or do they resent it since the elitism of playing such games has, to a certain extent, been lost? I believe that the continued success of companies like Games Workshop is a good thing. They are putting effort, passion and risk into producing games that we all want to play. The selection of good games in the early '70s could be counted on one hand. It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction to receive letters of praise about *White Dwarf*, Citadel or Games Workshop. It helps to make it all worthwhile.

Originally I was asked to write an article to review *White Dwarf* over its first ten years. I felt readers would be more interested to learn about the origins of *White Dwarf* and its relationship with its parent, Games Workshop. Whilst *Dwarf* has always been the voice of British role playing gamers, it's been no secret that the games featured were linked to Games Workshop. But then, those games not associated with Games Workshop are not likely to be of much interest anyway...

Over the years, I have made many decisions on *White Dwarf*, but the hardest decision I ever made was to hand over the position of editor to my successor in 1986, Ian Marsh. In fact, prior to Ian Marsh becoming editor, Jamie Thomson had effectively been editor for nearly a year, but never got credit. I was too busy for anything other than editorial policy but couldn't bring myself to hand over the editorship officially to Jamie. Anyway Jamie left to jump on the gamebook bandwagon and Ian got the job. After Ian left, Paul Cockburn was caretaker editor for a brief period until the current editor Mike Brunton was appointed.

When I was editor, I was always fanatical about the standard of art in the magazine. I always wanted the standard to rise, and include colour and then more colour whenever economically possible. I also believed that readers didn't want wall to wall main stream RPG articles, and for light relief I brought in Thrud and Gobbledigook. Most people couldn't paint miniatures well, so I thought a colour page devoted to miniatures would be well received. Even now, when *White Dwarf* comes through my letterbox each month, the first thing I look at is the standard of production. I am pleased to say that this, and the quality of the articles, happily continue to improve. Well done Mike and all the *White Dwarf* staff and contributors. But remember - I'm still watching...

Ian Livingstone

CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column, written by Dave Langford

Out of the Closet

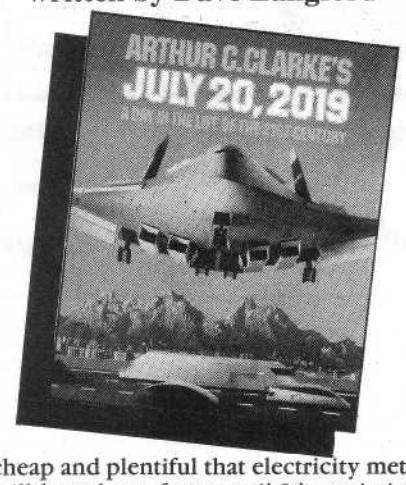
A famous couplet by Robert Conquest goes: *'SF's no good!' they bellow till we're deaf/ 'But this looks good...' 'Well then, it's not SF.'* In case this seems like mere satire, here's Anthony Burgess reviewing a Brian Aldiss novel: '...rich, allusive, full of real people and unfailingly interesting. It is not, then, real SF.' When on the Booker Prize committee, Aldiss himself reported that several novels with SF and fantasy elements were considered, but that for litcrit respectability you had to call them something else: 'metaphorical-structural' or 'magical realism'...

The hot new novelist Iain Banks has been prowling on the borders of SF for three nifty books, *The Wasp Factory*, *Walking on Glass* and *The Bridge*. Now, under the transparent pseudonym Iain MBanks, he's burst out of the closet with **Consider Phlebas** (Macmillan 471pp £9.95), which is unashamed space opera. Watch for the chorus of 'Rubbish!' from critics who gave Banks the thumbs-up so long as his SF images were a bit ambiguous... *Phlebas* is manic, high-energy adventure of the sort they don't write any more. It opens with space-skirmishing à la *Star Wars*, cuts to torture, last-minute rescue, unlikely ambush ('So the Culture ships could hide in the photospheres of stars, could they!'), unarmed duel to the death, a pirate raid on a booby-trapped temple, disaster aboard a city-sized ocean 'megaship', revolting cannibalism, destruction of a mini-Ringworld by 'novalevel hypergridintrusion', etc.

Banks pumps in enough high spirits to keep this rattling along to his slam-bang finale in the bowels of an ancient deep-shelter system whose nuclear-powered high-speed trains are used for... well, not commuting. Such seriousness as there is concerns the pointlessness of the galaxy-wide clash between fundamentalist alien Idirans and the socialist human Culture. Little subtlety, lots of fun: recommended, but read his other books too.

Keith Robert's **Gráinne** (Kerosina 175pp £12.50) takes more of a 'discreet cough' approach to its slender SF content. Roberts always writes beautifully, but two-thirds of this book are devoted to the fairly mundane biography of one Alastair Bevan (editorializing in a rather affected way from his deathbed). Very late in the day, his one-time lover Gráinne achieves TV fame in an exposé series; uses the leverage to found a cult about which we're told not quite enough (fuelled apparently by her radical theory about Celtic origins, which likewise never comes into clear focus); and takes the time-honoured route to mythic immortality by dying. The final, haunting images effectively combine fairy mounds and World War III, but didn't overcome my frustration: Gráinne's barely-glimpsed story fails to conquer the dead weight of Bevan's autobiographical longueurs.

Another discreet way to disguise SF is as futurology, like Arthur C.Clark's **July 20, 2019: A Day in the Life of the 21st Century** (Grafton 281pp £14.95). This reminded me of 1950s kiddy-science works: 'In the exciting future of 1987, nuclear piles will have made power so



cheap and plentiful that electricity meters will have been forgotten!' It's optimistic, American, and hard to believe: futurologists who portray a 21st-century Utopia need to consider how today's intractable problems (overpopulation, hunger, recession, dwindling fuel reserves) are to be solved. Clarke's book simply ignores them. World War III happens, but in line with the dafter school of US military thought is confined solely to Germany, thanks to precision weapons which pinpoint and destroy only military targets. (Such as Libya?) Compare this with one interesting cause suggested for the war: NATO tank squadrons accidentally straying across the East German border owing to foggy weather...

Now Clark's a good non-fiction writer, and I was surprised by the mediocrity of these essays on 2019's hospitals, roads, schools, transport, etc. It turns out that 'Ego' (as fans once called him) provided only the introduction and epilogue: the 14 people who wrote the rest are named on the back flap of the jacket, in Clark's small-print acknowledgements, *and nowhere else*. Good grief.

Recently I reviewed an Asimov collection from Grafton; here's another from Gollancz, **Robot Dreams** (349pp £10.95), one-third of which has just appeared in Grafton's collection... The title story is new and quite good; the rest is familiar Asimovian reprint material.

Anne McCaffrey's **Nerilka's Story & The Coelura** (Bantam 192pp £8.95) comprises two mini-novels. **Nerilka**, a spinoff from *Moreta: Dragonlady of Pern*, exists to tie up a loose thread — the need for the late Moreta's lover Alessan to be tidily married off, which would have been a bit insensitive in the book where Moreta actually snuffs it. Lady Nerilka's rise from poor little titled girl to Mrs Elessan makes a skimpy story overwhelmed by the vastness of *Moreta's* plot, all of which has to be remorselly summarized for *Nerilka* to make sense. **The Coelura** has the opposite problem, an alien Macguffin (flying blobs who spin sentient fabric which makes terrific clothes) which is only just barely glimpsed: we need a bit more lyricism about the wonderfulness of these 'coelura' before accepting the way the heroine becomes — literally overnight — obsessed with coelura-preservation. There's the seed of something interesting here, but the short format allows only a standard candyfloss ending (the coelura were never in danger at all) and a nice double wedding to finish. Hear those violins?

John Brunner's **The Compleat Traveller in Black** (Methuen 233pp £2.50) is more my kind of fantasy. These five stories began with a pastiche of James Branch Cabell's oblique manner: 'The alteration it underwent was not altogether pleasant to witness.' But the traveller, a demiurge entrusted with the task of confining chaos and bringing stability to the world, had a wit and personality of his own, and persevered through further tales to the completion of his task, dealing out justice by the wish-granting which seems to be his only overt power; Very readable and re-readable.

Wizard of the Pigeons (Corgi 254pp £2.50) by Megan Lindholm is another unusual fantasy, based on a cunning insight. Where today would one find wizards who've renounced worldly advancement to pursue magic? On the streets: next time you see that grimy lady who scavenges litter-bins and keeps her possessions in battered carrier bags, watch out — she's probably one of Lindholm's wizards. The story takes place in Seattle and on the poverty line, as something nasty from the hero's past threatens him and the city. His impulse is to run: but even if his arcane powers consist only of truth-seeing and an inexhaustible ability to feed pigeons, he *is* still a wizard... Fresh, original, exciting.

The bulkiest of the reissues is Herbert's **The Second Great Dune Trilogy** (Gollancz 1111pp £10.95, less than 1p a page), comprising **God-Emperor** (mildly boring), *Heretics* (in which the series livens up) and *Chapter House* (now forever poised on the brink of a never-to-be-written sequel). C.J. Cherryh's *Faded Sun* trilogy (Methuen 756pp £3.95) is fine, poetic SF adventure with interesting aliens. M.John Harrison's **The Pastel City** (Unwin 142pp £2.50) is sword and sorcery with a difference: brooding, atmospheric, post-technological, intensely literate. And Gollancz 'Classic SF' reprints four more goodies: in my personal order of preference, Clarke's **A Fall of Moondust** (224pp £3.50), exciting but dated Poseidon Adventure stuff in a lunar dust-boat; Pohl's **Man Plus** (215pp £3.50), an adult, warts-and-all look at SF's fantasy of becoming a cyborg superman; Shaw's **A Wreath of Stars** (189pp £2.95) with its stunning, eerie vision of a neutrino-matter planet within our own, seen but never touched; and Budrys's **Rogue Moon** (173pp £2.95), possibly the SF novel I've most often reread: it still makes my hair stand on end with its story of men dying again and again as they challenge something inconceivably alien, uncaring and lethal.

Next month I shall once again challenge the inconceivably alien lethality of countless uncaring fantasy trilogies...

Dave Langford.

THE MAGARD SCROLLS

Ramblings On Jack O'Bears in RuneQuest III

by Jon Quaife

History has preserved these writings,
Through the intervention of Lhankor Mhy,
So that the gift of knowledge should be passed on,
To those who wish to sample its bounty.

A Grey Sage From The City Of Refuge

This article contains excerpts from selected documents by the Jrusteli zoologist Magard the Learned. Notes have been added to the scrolls by their Theyalan translator, and these have been clearly marked within the quotations themselves. Of course, all the quotes here deal with a common theme, and involve Magard's learned writings on the subject of the peculiar creature that we know as the Jack O'Bear. All these quotes are assembled with the kind consent of the Nochet City Central Library.

The first is a short quote from his writing *The Origins of the Yalarvagoon*. **It is particularly interesting for obvious reasons.**

The Red Elves of the Pamaltelan swamps tell a rare and consistent tale of the origins of the *Jack O'Bear*. They say that during the Time Of Turmoil (which we Jrusteli know to be The Great Darkness), when chaos stalked the world, a horrible beast came to their domain.

This many legged beast was such that it would gnaw into a plant, and in doing so destroy its soul, which it would feed upon and gain the sustenance of. The Elves call this creature 'Ishbamop Ita Bunwee', or 'The Soul-Devouring Creature'. The ravaging of the beast was impossible to stop, and the aldryami at that time were set upon by many other enemies also.

So it was that the the creature came upon Adraffi, a great pumpkin deity who the elves probably worshipped in the manner of a great tree. The creature ate into Adraffi, and he began devouring her soul, but Adraffi's will was strong, and the chaos monster was never fully able to destroy her, and so they were united forever in perpetual agony. The Elves claim that somewhere Adraffi still battles the chaos beast to this day, and all her offspring are tainted, being part plant, and part beast, and always touched by chaos, although they will never tell us where these deitys lie entangling their Lifeforces. *Modern day explorers speculate that the Garden of Chaos in the Hornilio swamps surrounds this spot of eternal conflict. certainly the area is famed for chaotic plantlife, and the local Hispwasp is a chaotic combination of animal and vegetable.*

Hence the *Jack O'Bears* were spawned, called 'Yalarvagoon' by the elves (meaning 'Plant-Beast'). Other monsters are said to have come from this foul union, although not the Great Eaters, that look like huge pumpkins and that pull all into their ever-hungry gullet *here we assume Magard refers to monsters akin to Hungry Jack from the tales of Sir Ethilrist*. These were sown by Modin The Torturer Of Plants, either a Mistress Troll or chaos god, who, in any case, was destroyed in the Great Darkness.

Note - The Theyalan term 'Jack O'Bear' is a reflection on the monsters illusive half-plant nature, hence 'Jack-ass' (a mule), or 'Jack-rabbit' (actually a hare).

Our second quote from the works of Magard is from his book ***Zoological Fauna In Myths And Legends***. As the end of the Third Age approaches, and the world creaks at its edges, we may well wonder what goes on in the secretive domains of the aldryami, and if their reincarnated hero has risen again, eventually to combat the chaos ill he is fated to die by. It is said that the Lunar Empire harbours an army of Jack O'Bears, and that troll drums in Pamaltela are causing plants to rot and wither.

The *Jack O'Bear* features in a particularly interesting elf legend. Interesting because the fate of the hero reccurs in his every incarnation.

One of the offspring of Adraffi-And-The-Beast was a creature called Ggynt, a prince among the Yalarvagoon. The realm of Ggynt was in the far north, where he would roam freely, destroying all he came upon, and emplacing his offspring in many good plants. *Note - Jack O'Bears reproduce by growing offspring in the stomach until mature enough to survive parasitically in a large plant. When nothing remains of the plant spiritually and physically except totally rotten detritus the Jack O'Bear arises, fit to fulfill its destructive role in the world.*

It came upon an elf named Darkthistle, for he was ever cold and sullen, to destroy this blight. And with him went the blessings of Barbeester Gor *a war-goddess of the elves*. And when he came upon Ggynt, Darkthistle was possessed by a rage, and he dealt him many blows until the monster was dead. Alas, for in his fury, Darkthistle did not notice that one of Ggynt's foul spawn had eaten inside him, concealed by Ggynt's cunning spells and spirits. Thus Darkthistle triumphed and died, and each time he is reborn he fated to die after triumph over the kin of Ggynt.

A Yellow Elf called Weaving-Shadow-In-The-Bright-Light-Of-Yelm was said to be Darkthistle's next incarnation. Weaving Shadow was sent to investigate a rot in her jungle of which nobody knew the cause. She went into a grove so sacred that no living soul was allowed into it except once in every thousand years. Here she found the foul chaos offspring at work and destroyed it, only to be executed by her Emperor thereafter. This tale is sung in a tragic elf ballad called 'A Shadow's Victory'.

The most recent incarnation was in Peloria, where the great elf forest was troubled by dire troll magicks that cracked elf-seeds and turned runners blue. An elf called Ivychild travelled to the Blue Moon Plateau where he slew himself in order to drive forth the spirit of Ggynt from a troll battle-standard. *Note - This incarnation in fact occurred not long before the Second Age drew to a close.*

Our last quote comes from a thesis by Magard, entitled ***A Justification For The Preservation Of Ancient Myths And Unusual Species***. This document is interesting because it shows first hand the dilemma that eventually destroyed the Jrusteli naval empire. The efforts of men

like Magard did nothing to change Jrusteli abuse of the laws of nature and the world, which led to the downfall of the Godlearner Empire at the end of the Second Age. In addition Magard mentions the heroquest of the Green Dandelion, a quest perverted by the Jrusteli. Ever since the end of the Second Age no aldryami have ever returned from that quest except a dryad named Eldrissa, who came back a broo. The document also reveals some interesting Jrusteli eating habits.

I can quote a number of instances where meddling with the fabric of myth in order to achieve an end has done our empire no good whatsoever. Take, for example, the case of the son of the senator Ifrid and his companions, who decided to furnish a banquet with no normal pumpkin, but the flesh of the Hungry Caller instead, who sits in the Cursed Halls of Gold, and who tempts questers away from their Runequest undertaking. They slew this divinely placed entity and ate it garnished with slivit juice! It is said that the magical meal made the diners most appealing to those about them, and as a result the party attendants (young hotheads and base harlots the lot) were soon unanimously voted into the senate of Timris state! I need not remind anybody of the anarchy there now, or of the good citizens being slaughtered by barbarian raiders. And need I remind anybody of the reverberations this will cause on the god-planes? That Ibiun the Rathori now has the Candle Of Burning Light that the Hungry Caller previously warded?

Another case is how the bungled attempt to force the *Jack O'Bear* of the Green Dandelion heroquest to betray its divine limitations and devour the bodies of the elf questers, has gained us the enmity of the mountain folk for all eternity. And, I ask you, what good can or could possibly have come of this? The same people that came to our aid in times past are now our enemies, and through no deliberate intention of our own, but through a foolish ruse made on a heroquest!

We finish then with a quote from the great Theyalan philosopher Taneyn Of Dragons Eye, who wrote:

The mark of sentience is the ability to communicate, for what good is reason if one can reason with only oneself? Take the fell Jack O'Bear, whose thoughts are small and of destruction. Would he not die sooner if he lived by his own cunning rather than the collective cunning of he and his fellows? Does a man who lives by himself from birth unto death act like an animal or like an emperor?

Jon Quaife

Jack O'bear

Characteristics		*Average*		
STR	3D6+6	16-17	Move	4
CON	2D6+6	13	Hit Points	15
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17	Fatigue	30
INT	2D6	7		
POW	4D6	14		
DEX	3D6	10-11		
APP	3D6	10-11		

Hit Location	*Melee (D20)*	*Missile (D20)*	*Points*
R Leg	01-04	01-03	3/5 (.33)
L Leg	05-08	04-06	3/5 (.33)
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	3/5 (.33)
Chest	12	11-15	3/6 (.40)
R Arm	13-15	16-17	3/4 (.25)
L Arm	16-18	18-19	3/4 (.25)
Head	19-20	20	3/5 (.33)

Weapon	*SR*	*Attack%*	*Damage*
R Claw	7	25+2	1D6+1D6
L Claw	10	25+2	1D6+1D6
Harmonize	1	automatic	resist MP against MP or be paralyzed

Notes: Each melee round, a jack o'bear may use its Harmonize as well as strike with its claws. It may hit with both claws in the same melee round, three strike ranks apart.

The Harmonize always is resolved on strike rank 1, unless the jack o'bear boosts it, in which case the strike rank is 1 plus the magic points used.

Skills: Hide 60-10, Sneak 60-10.

Armor: 3-point fur and thick head-skin.

Magic: Chaotic Harmonize. A jack o'bear could use other magic if anyone would teach it.

There is a five percent chance that a jack o'bear will have a chaotic feature in addition to its exotic talent.

Jack O'Bear
(Joannursus paralysis)

These are shaggy, wiry monsters with bloated orange heads resembling pumpkins. Jack o'bears normally inhabit mountains and forests. They are chaotic carnivores with an exotic talent not to be sneered at.

Each melee round, in addition to its normal attacks, the jack o'bear can match its magic points vs. those of a foe. If the victim is overcome, he is harmonized—frozen in place and helpless until the jack o'bear dies or the effect is dispelled. The harmonize acts as a 1 point Divine magic spell for purposes of dispelling or blocking.

This exotic talent does not cost the jack o'bear any magic points, though it can be boosted, which does cost magic points. The creature can keep a number of live victims equal to half its POW controlled at once. The jack o'bear cannot voluntarily release a victim.

FEAR & IGNORANCE

Aquiring a sense of style as a Paranoia Gamemaster

by John Saunders

Hello, Friend Citizen. If your security is VIOLET or below, please report for termination now. Special Dispensation has been granted by The Computer, and no Termination Voucher is required. Have a nice day.

There you sit, about to gently assist your players in the appreciation of that subtlest of roleplaying games, *Paranoia*. This is going to be so much fun you'll probably need special underwear to get through it. But there can be so much more to a good session of *Paranoia* - the little extras that make it all so evocative...

A Little Interrogation Technique Goes a Long Way

Play around a table and monopolize all the available space. Use *lots* of GM's screens (from any game system). Have *lots* of papers and files (see below).

Use a low ambient lighting level, and illuminate your face with a soft, white light from below (eg using a small torch clamped to the edge of the table). In other circumstances this might be reassuring. However, for the players use 200 watt spot lamps focussed at face level (or directly over the tops of their pointy little heads).

Never, never sit on the same sort of chair as the players. *Always* sit on a higher chair than the players. The ideal combination, after carefully removing all cushions and similar potential sources of comfort for players, is a comfy swivel chair for you and very small wooden stools for them. Try to get ones so small that sitting on them causes leg cramps and the like after an hour or so. Alternatively, cinema seats work just as well.

Have a tape of Ravel's *Bolero* to grate on their nerves, and a tape of Russian military music for later. If you have the skill, splice in fragments of Radio Moscow programmes into the music, but keep these short to maximize uncertainty and anxiety. The best programmes to record are the hourly news bulletins, *Russian by Radio, Focus on Asia* and the remarkable concerts from the Ochestra of the Soviet Ministry of Defence. Excellent reception can be obtained on the 19, 31 and 41 metre bands shortwave, or 227m medium wave. Note that knowledge of these wavelengths is a treasonable act and that if you read the previous sentence you should report for termination *immediately*. A high Security Clearance is no excuse, Friend Citizen.

Wear black and nothing else. If anybody queries why you are wearing an Infrared uniform, shoot them.

Don't allow the players any food, tea, coffee, alcohol, cigarettes or other substances during a game session. You might make an exception for glue sniffing since disorientated people are more easily driven into a frenzy of anxiety. Please note that The Computer does not approve of glue-sniffing anyway. If you really want to put the little darlings under the hammer (and if you don't, why are you reading this?), don't let them go to the toilet either. Padlock the door and tell them they can't leave until the mission is accomplished.

There's More To Life Than A 10lb Lump Hammer

Have at least one microcomputer handy on a side table, with the screen facing away from the players. This should not be a weedy ZX machine or something similar, which will merely elicit expressions of derision from intelligent players, but a DEC or Data General machine is ideal. Failing that, something very hi-tech and *stylish* like a Dynamac, a snip at £6000+. Look at the screen and key in stuff at tense moments. Make sure the thing beeps frequently.

Always have several timepieces available. Hold a stopwatch and look expectant at odd times. An electronic stopwatch or alarm clock, programmed to bleep at random times (and as loudly as possible) is an essential possession for the serious *Paranoia* GM. Alternatively, you can give the players a clock that doesn't work, or stops if it isn't continually shaken. Time is of the essence on this mission, Friend Troubleshooters.

Make sure the players are physically smaller than you are, but if this isn't possible (because they were given too much red meat as children) wear built up shoes, and an American football helmet or visored cricket helmet. Have a baseball bat to hand at all times.

Own, train and have handy a large and savage-looking dog.

Litter your home (or games room or wherever) with books on mental health - stuff like Bleuler's *The Schizophrenic Disorders* (Yale, 1978; very big and impressive), Levine's *The History and Politics of Community Mental Health* (Oxford, 1980) and the 1983 *UK Mental Health Act* (HMSO)... On a message pad by the phone write 'Call the hospital about Dad', and leave a book on the genetics of psychopathy beside it to get players *really* worried. If any of them happen to know anything about the UK mental health system change the reference to 'the hospital' to one about 'the secure unit'. This will really do the trick. Lastly, pamphlets from self-help groups etc about looking after schizophrenia at home should be prominently displayed. Special kudos goes to the GM with a shaven forehead and the Freeman-Watts classic *Prefrontal Lobotomy*, but it goes without saying that this must be the 1942 first edition.

And... They're Off...

OK, so the runners and riders are at the starting line and the Troubleshooters are in the Briefing Room. Already somebody has pushed his luck and the neurowhips have been used in modest chastisement. Oh dear, time for clones.

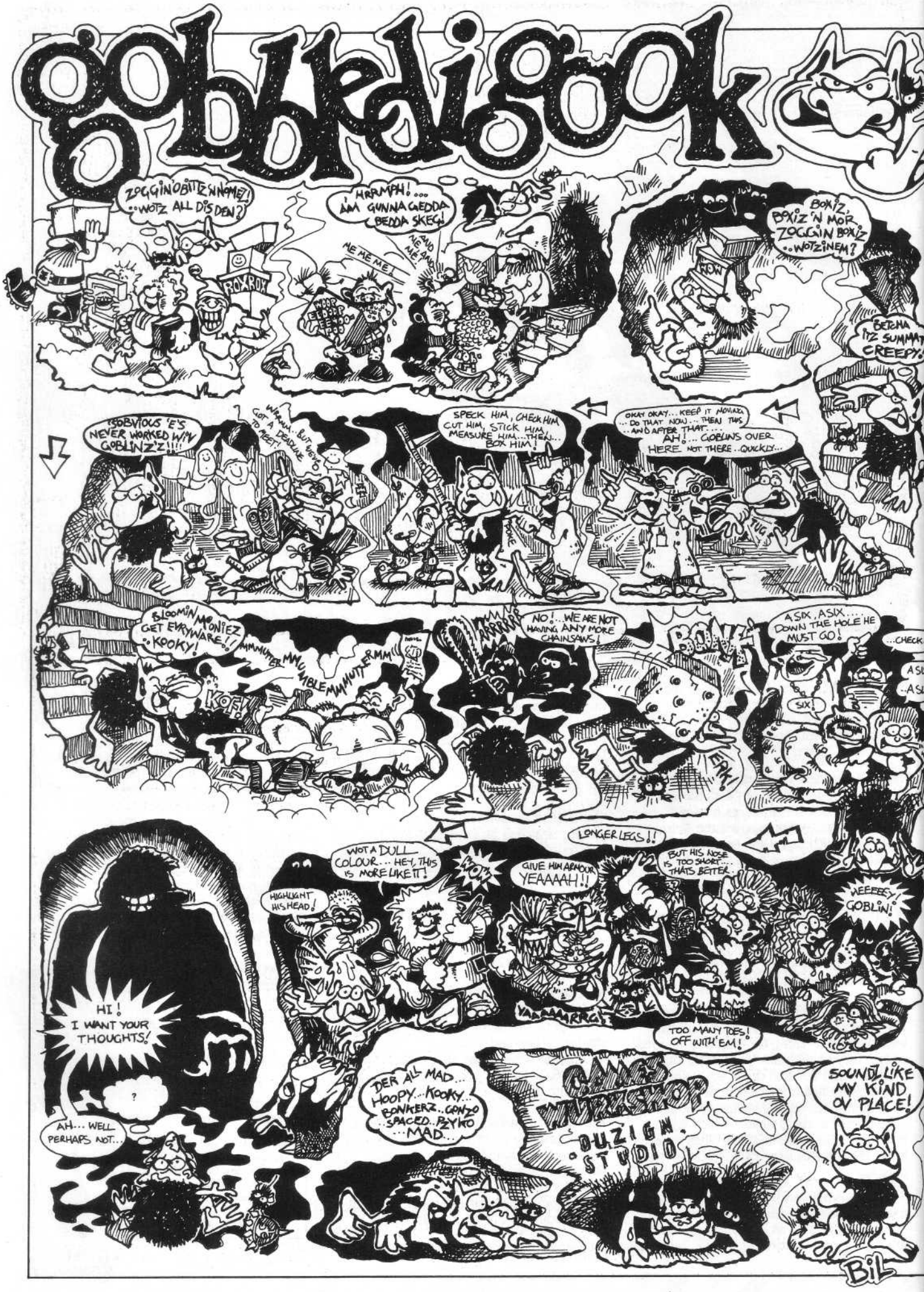
In *Paranoia*, above all other RPGs, roll lots of dice, especially when nothing is happening. You do that anyway with other games, don't you. Shouldn't be too difficult with this one then, eh?

Leave the room at one or two atmospheric moments to 'check the expansion file'. Take all relevant material with you, but accidentally leave something behind in a non-obvious but discoverable location. Something harmless, that the players won't really want to read, stuff that will screw them up totally if they do read it.

Mutter to yourself now and then. Try to effect strange compulsive body movements, especially a facial tic. One that gets worse when the players ask too many questions - is one question too many? - used in conjunction with soft, reasoned and yet menacing tones will do the job nicely.

And have fun. Fear and Ignorance. Ignorance and Fear. Make them sweat!

John Saunders


gobbledigook
ZOGGIN'OBITZ'N'NOME!
..WOTZ ALL DIS DEN?
BOX BOX
HRRMPH!...
AM GUNNA GEDDA BEDDA SKEG!
ME ME ME!
ME AND ME!
BOXIZ, BOXIZ 'N MOR ZOGGIN BOXIZ
..WOTZ INEM?
BETNA ITZ SUMMAT CREEPY.
'SOBVIOUS 'E'S NEVER WORKED W/M GOBLINZ'Z!!!
WRAAA...BUT WE'VE GOT A DEADLINE TO MEET!
SPECK HIM, CHECK HIM CUT HIM, STICK HIM, MEASURE HIM...THEN... BOX HIM!
OKAY OKAY... KEEP IT MOVIN... DO THAT NOW... THEN THIS... AND AFTER THAT... AH!... GOBLINS OVER HERE NOT THERE..QUICKLY...
TUG
BLOOMIN MONIEZ GET EVRYWARE!! ..KOOKY!
MMMUTTERMMUMBLEMMMUTTERMM
KOFF!
NO!...WE ARE NOT HAVING ANY MORE CHAINSAWS!
BONK!
ERK!
A SIX, A SIX... DOWN THE HOLE HE MUST GO!
SIX!
...CHECK
HI! I WANT YOUR THOUGHTS!
AH... WELL PERHAPS NOT...
HIGHLIGHT HIS HEAD!
WOT A DULL COLOUR... HEY, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
WOW
LONGER LEGS!!
GIVE HIM ARMOUR YEAAAAH!!
BUT HIS NOSE IS TOO SHORT... THATS BETTER.
YAAAARRG!
WEEEEY! GOBLIN!
TOO MANY TOES! OFF WITH 'EM!
DER ALL MAD... HOOPY... KOOKY... BONKERZ.. CONZO SPACED.. PZYKO ...MAD...
GANGS WORKSHOP DUZIGN STUDIO
SOUNDS LIKE MY KIND OV PLACE!
BIL

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

CAREER GUIDANCE FOR WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

by Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher

Last month, *Onwards and Upwards* looked at and clarified the rule mechanisms for career changes and advances in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. This month, we concentrate on hints and tips for implementing these aspects of career development by roleplaying them within a campaign.

BASIC CAREERS

All characters start their adventuring lives by following a basic career. This 'pre-adventuring' career provides characters with their initial skills and a first, 'free' advance. This is the career which the character was following immediately prior to taking up the life of an adventurer, and so all the skills listed under the career are assumed to have been learnt before play starts.

An exception to this are those skills marked as being gained on a percentage chance. For example, a newly-generated Boatman automatically gains *Fish, Orientation, River Lore*, and *Row*. The character also has a 50% chance of being *Very Strong*, a 25% chance of having *Consume Alcohol*, and a 25% chance of *Boat-building*. Some Boatmen will be lucky and have picked up these three skills before commencing play, others will not have done so. Note, however, that most of these skills may still be acquired at a cost of 100 Experience Points each - ie, they can be picked up in exactly the same way as skills of later careers. In this case, it is assumed that the character already has some rudimentary knowledge of these skills, and only needs a bit of practice (reflected by the gaining and spending of Experience Points) before becoming fully skilled in them. The exception is *very strong* - an *innate* skill, which the characters either acquire in their first career, or not at all. A complete list of *innate* skills may be found below.

Of course, some players may decide that they would rather spend their hard-earned Experience Points on fulfilling their advance scheme, or moving to a new career.

·CHANGING CAREER·

Although changing careers in game terms is relatively simple, attempts to rationalise what is actually happening in a roleplaying game may prove somewhat more difficult. Our Boatman, according to the rules, may adopt any of the following career exits - Outlaw, Seaman, or Smuggler; alternatively, she may opt for a random roll on one of the Academics', Warriors', or Rogues' career charts (see **WFRP**, p17), or she can actually choose another Basic Ranger career. In other words, the rules make just about every career open to every character. In an abstract game, of course, this poses no problems - the GM simply applies the rules, the character expends the requisite number of Experience Points, and the game continues. However, there will inevitably be those who want to know the answers to questions such as, how

Illustrated by Paul Bonner

does the character actually begin a new career? Does he or she need specialist training? If so, where does one find a teacher?Are there any openings into this career, and does it fit in with the overall development of the campaign?

Depending on your style of play, some of these questions will be less important than others. In our own games, we have found that changing careers - when roleplayed - can provide a great deal of fun. It gives characters a whole series of motivations and goals other than those normally associated with adventuring. Characters have to keep their eyes open for a teacher or employer to give them a start in a new career, they can't simply become a Wizard's Apprentice, for example, just because it's one of the listed career exits and they have 100 EPs to spare. The character must first find a Wizard who is looking for an apprentice and then convince the NPC that he or she is a suitable (or rich enough) candidate for training. After that, a period of study and practice is required to allow for basic assimilation of the skills and to learn one or two spells. Only at the end of this period will the character be in a position to exchange EPs for skills and advances.

Similarly, becoming a mercenary, soldier, or gunner is just not possible without first entering military service. Simply declaring oneself to be a gunner allows you to acquire neither the skills nor the associated advance scheme. These things have to be taught to you first, and then you need a short period to practice them.

Finding teachers can involve characters in interesting side-adventures as they try to locate a teacher or employer for a career that they are particularly keen to take up. It's no good declaring oneself to be a Roadwarden if the Roadwardens won't accept you, and impersonating an officer of the law can get a character into big trouble! However, once found, a prospective employer or tutor is not necessarily going to accept someone just because the character wishes to follow a new career. Often the teacher or employer will have their own reasons for taking on a new pupil or employee - maybe they have lots of menial work for an apprentice, or perhaps they want to hire some muscle for military service.

A campaign will also benefit if some careers remain closed to characters until certain points in the plot or adventure have been reached. You may decide that your adventures are going to be set in a number of towns in which your characters spend their time as normal citizens rooting out Chaos cults that have wormed their way into positions of influence. Adventures of this sort work best with small numbers of characters, who also have links with a town's organisations - guilds, trade associations, and so on. A Mercenary Captain leading a force of 20 battle-hardened veterans is not really suited to such adventures. Later, however, the campaign may involve the characters in the defence of a barony against rampaging mutants and Beastmen, and here characters with military experience and training would undoubtedly come into their own. A Physician's Student, on the other hand, is likely either to meet a horrible death, or to get bored very quickly. As GM, you could introduce the player characters to such an adventure by having them see notices proclaiming 'Recruits - Officers, NCOs, and Regulars - wanted for Baron Otto's Company of Foot', or by having an agent of the Baron's approach a PC Mercenary Captain. By not making every single career option available to the PCs at all times, it is possible to gear changes to developments within the campaign itself.

In **The Enemy Within** campaign, we have provided details of prospective employers and teachers for careers appropriate to the stage reached by the campaign. These are meant to be fully detailed NPCs with personalities, and believable motives for training or employing the player characters. In this way, we have tried to create a campaign where the action and the characters develop in parallel.

Inevitably, however, some characters will want to follow a career that is not made available in the campaign. For some careers, this should not be too difficult to cope

with. It is a simple matter to become a Bodyguard, for example - all that is needed are the required trappings and someone (even another PC) to guard. This change is made available to Werner 'Pick-Axe' Murmann in **The Enemy Within** campaign, simply because one of the other PCs is being hunted by a person or persons unknown whose intentions are definitely violent! Similarly, it is fairly easy to become a Protagonist, providing you can find someone to employ you in your new role or some cause people will pay for you to 'defend'. In both cases, no specialist knowledge is required, and there is nothing to study - it's just a case of going out there and doing it.

Becoming a Coachman, however, requires that characters should actually sign up with a coaching company, or at least have the means to buy a coach and horses to set themselves up in business. Being a coachman without a coach is obviously ludicrous.

Characters may also decide to seek out employers within the context of the campaign. Having decided to become a Physician, for example, a character may either approach the local Physician's Guild, or a practising Physician. In this case, the character should have to make a successful *Fellowship* test to get on friendly terms with the guild or the NPC Physician, and then make an *Employment* test to be taken on, or perhaps the character may even have to carry out some small task first. Before the Physician accepts a student, he or she may require the prospective candidate to go and find some ingredients for the manufacture of a certain drug, or may send him or her into plague areas to test their commitment to healing others. Any number of adventures could spring out of this. Alternatively, the GM may decide that it isn't appropriate for the character to become a Physician at this stage of the campaign, and may rule that there are no openings in the guild - 'We have the required number of practitioners and students as specified by the Guild, but thank you for your interest'; or, 'I'm sorry, I already have three apprentices - I just don't have the time to train anyone else at present.' Whenever possible, it is in the interests of the game to let players follow career paths of their choice, but if this involves some effort on the part of the character, it makes gaining it even more rewarding.

As mentioned above, finding a career path can generate any number of adventures - a Wizard may require certain books or spell ingredients to be located for her; characters entering military service can be sent on missions such as taking a patrol to check on a remote village, or delivering a message to an officer some miles away. These and similar adventures could involve the players in fighting their way through hostile territory or discovering that one of their party is a spy or assassin for the opposition.

·TEACHERS AS NPCs·

By making each prospective employer or trainer an NPC in their own right, you will soon build up a number of colourful and interesting characters for your players to interact with. These NPCs can then provide assistance later in the adventure and can be used to introduce new adventures along the way. As characters grow more experienced, they will have a much greater pool of friends and contacts to draw on in their adventures.

Characters could also be set up by such NPCs. By pretending to offer them training, an NPC could dupe adventurers into carrying out illegal tasks for them for nothing! 'B-but, your honour! How was I to know he was a Fence? I thought he was an honest merchant. I swear, I had no idea what was in the box...'

LEARNING NEW SKILLS

First of all, by way of clarification, you should note that characters entering a basic career which has one or more skills preceded by the phrase 'XX% chance of...' *may* buy any of these skills as normal, unless the skill is an *innate* one. The 'percentage chance' only applies to characters for whom this is the first career.

But what happens later, if a character changes careers and then decides that he or she wants to learn one or more of the skills that were previously available under a former career, but not bought at the time? Obviously, if the skills in question are listed under the new career, then they can be acquired in the normal manner. If the skills are not listed, then the character has to decide to put in some special, extra practice in order to gain them. Similarly, a character may wish to acquire a particular skill that is not part of his or her current or past career. The rules outlined here explain how this can be done.

The basic premiss of this system is that when a character changes career, if he or she undergoes some training, then the character acquires a rudimentary knowledge of *all* the skills listed under that career. This does not mean that the character acquires the skills, but rather that he or she is taught what to do in order to develop the skills over time. This is reflected by the gaining and spending of experience points. When the character has acquired 100 EPs, he or she is deemed to be experienced enough so that the rudimentary knowledge of any one skill can be converted into full knowledge, and the player may add that skill to his or her character sheet. Those careers that don't require an initial period of training, on the other hand, are assumed to be so well-known to all inhabitants of The Empire, that the character need only practice on his/her own in order to develop the skills listed under the career description.

·GAINING SKILLS FROM OLD CAREERS·

However, it is assumed that, having entered a new career, the character is not in a position to build on the rudimentary knowledge acquired during the old career, and thus cannot normally gain previously available skills. Having moved on from the old career, the character has forfeited the means of gaining them easily. However, if characters are able to devote a few hours each week to the practice of such skills, they may still gain the skill by expending 100 EPs (as normal) and then making an *Intelligence* test. If the test is failed, the character loses the 100 EPs and fails to learn the skill. This does not prevent the character from having another go later, but the 100 EPs are irrevocably lost. The amount of time to be spent in practising such skills, and the period over which the practise must be conducted, will vary from skill to skill. However, as a rough guide, we have divided all the skills into the four categories as listed below:

Practical	**Intellectual**
Acrobatics *t*	Animal Training *p*
Ambidextrous	Arcane Language
Art	Astronomy
Carpentry *t*	Boat-building *p*
Concealment - Rural & Urban	Brewing *p*
Consume Alcohol	Cartography
Contortionist *t*	Cast Spells *m*
Dance	Chemistry *p*
Disarm	Cook *p*
Dodge Blow	Cryptography
Drive Cart	Cure Disease *p*
	Demon Lore *m*

Escapology
Fire Eating
Fish
Flee!
Follow Trail
Frenzied Attack
Game Hunting
Juggle
Lip Reading
Marksmanship
Mime
Mimic
Mining *t*
Orientation
Palm Object
Pick Lock
Pick Pocket
Ride
Row
Sailing *t*
Scale Sheer Surface
Set Trap
Shadowing
Silent Move - Rural & Urban
Smithing *t*
Specialist Weapon
Spot Traps
Stoneworking *t*
Street Fighter
Strike Mighty Blow
Strike to Injure
Strike to Stun
Swim *t*
Torture *t*
Trick Riding *t*
Ventriloquism *t*
Wrestling *t*

Hypnotise *t/p*
Divining *p*
Dowsing *p*
Embezzling *p*
Engineer *p*
Evaluate
Gem Cutting *p*
Heal Wounds *p*
Heraldry
Herb Lore *p*
History
ID Magical Artefact *m*
ID Plant
ID Undead
Law
Magical Awareness *m*
Magical Sense *m*
Manufacture Drugs *p*
Manufacture Magic Items *m/p*
Manufacture Potions *m/p*
Manufacture Scrolls *m/p*
Meditation *m*
Metallurgy *p*
Musicianship *p*
Numismatics
Palmistry *p*
Prepare Poisons *p*
Read/write
River Lore
Rune Lore *m*
Rune Mastery *m*
Scroll Lore *m*
Secret Language *p*
Secret Sign
Speak Additional Language *p*
Super Numerate
Surgery *p*
Tailor *p*
Theology

Personal
Acting *t/p*
Begging *p*
Blather *p*
Bribery *p*
Charm *p*
Charm Animal *p*
Clown *t/p*
Comedian *p*
Disguise *t/p*
Etiquette *t/p*
Gamble *p*
Haggle *p*
Jest *t/p*
Public Speaking *p*
Seduction *p*
Sing *t/p*
Story Telling *p*
Wit *p*

Innate
Acute Hearing
Excellent Vision
Fleet Footed
Immunity to Disease
Immunity to Poison
Lightning Reflexes
Linguistics
Luck
Night Vision
Sixth Sense
Strongman
Very Resilient
Very Strong

EXPLANATION OF CATEGORIES

Practical: those skills in which it's not so much the theory that counts as the practice. These skills may be acquired by hard-work, self-discipline, and dedication. Those skills followed by '*t*' *cannot* be learned without tuition from an expert.

Intellectual: those skills where theory and book-learning are all important. In general, these skills cannot be self-taught. In addition, some also require a fair amount of practical work - it's all very well knowing the *theory* of animal training, but unless you've practised on a few beasties, you can't call yourself skilled. These skills are followed by '*p*'. There are also some skills which can only be learnt by following a magical career - these will never be taught to someone who has not completed one or more of the following careers: Druid, Initiate, Wizard's Apprentice, Alchemist's Apprentice (these are followed by *m*).

Personal: those skills where it's not so much *what* you do that counts, as *how* you do it. Many of these can be self-taught (those that require tuition are suffixed '*t*'), and all require practice (suffixed '*p*').

Innate: these are skills that, by and large, you're either born with or can only acquire by long service in a particular career. There is no other way to gain these skills - no amount of practice or study is going to allow a character to see in the dark, for example.

·TRAINING TIMES·

The amount of time which must be spent in practice/study depends on which category the skill falls into:

Practical skills require 2 hours' practice each day for 3D6 weeks before the character can make an *Int* test to gain them. Moreover, if a skill requires tuition, the character must be supervised for at least half the time.

Intellectual skills require 2 hours' study per day, plus 2 hours per week with a tutor, for 6+2D6 weeks, before an *Int* test may be made to gain them. Skills which call for additional practical work will require the student to spend a further 2 hours per week on this.

Personal skills are much harder to pin down in terms of the amount of practice/study required. Given a particular skill some people will be able to pick it up quickly, others can struggle in vain for ages. Basically, characters attempting to acquire any of these skills must practice for 2 hours per day for a number of days equal to 100 minus the character's *Fellowship* score. At the end of this period an *Int* test is taken to see if the character has gained the skill. If a skill is listed as requiring tuition, the character needs to be supervised for a minimum of 2 hours per week.

Tuition Fees
These will obviously vary according to the NPC (and may well be influenced by such factors as whether you really want a certain character to acquire a certain skill, or not). As a rough guide, however, you should consider that tutors of *physical* and *personal* skills will charge 1D6 GCs per hour, while tutors of *intellectual* skills will charge 1D10+1 GCs per hour.

Compressing Training
A character may prefer to take a crash course rather than trying to learn a skill in his or her spare time. This is perfectly acceptable, provided that i) the character does not try to work for longer than 10 hours per day; ii) the supervising tutor (if any) is agreeable; and iii) the total number of hours spent equals the required number.

·A SAMPLE TUTOR·

Presented below is a detailed NPC for use in any Warhammer campaign. Although designed to fit smoothly into the Altdorf section of **Death on The Reik**, Heinz von Naprump can easily be used in other locations, simply by changing obvious details. Heinz shows how interesting NPCs can be used to provide players with skills, career changes and as a source of information and future NPC contacts.

HEINZ VON NAPRUMP - Human, Male, Scholar (ex-Student/Noble)

Heinz is the younger son of a wealthy Altdorf family, one of the many noble families that gather at Altdorf to be near the Imperial family. At an early age, Heinz showed a great interest in the history and the geography of The Empire, so his parents enrolled him at the University of Altdorf where he has followed a successful academic career.

Heinz is a quiet bookish man. He is softly spoken, but has an annoying lisp, a character feature common to many nobles. Heinz dresses in expensive, though serviceable dark brown clothes which cover his bloated overweight frame. His appearance is spoilt, however, by the traces of dried food that cover the front of his waistcoat and cravat. His thick, almost opaque glasses make him look dim-witted, but there is a keen mind at work underneath his mild exterior.

He is always concerned as to the time, as if he were constantly afraid of missing an important appointment. He appears nervous, particularly with strangers, but soon warms to anyone who has academic leanings or pretensions.

Although greatly interested in The Empire, Heinz has not travelled very widely in it. He is far more interested in poring over other people's written experiences that in gaining any first hand knowledge. Still, he is an erudite scholar, with an excellent knowledge of The Empire's geography and history.

A University man for all of his adult life, Heinz lives in rooms cluttered with charts and rubbish within the University grounds where he is looked after by his overworked housekeeper. Heinz teaches geography and history. As an established academic he is able to pass most of the boring work onto his subordinates, and concerns himself with making accurate maps of The Empire's waterways. He is currently compiling data on the Reik between Altdorf and Nuln.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	36	32	3	3	6	58	1	34	30	68	36	50	29

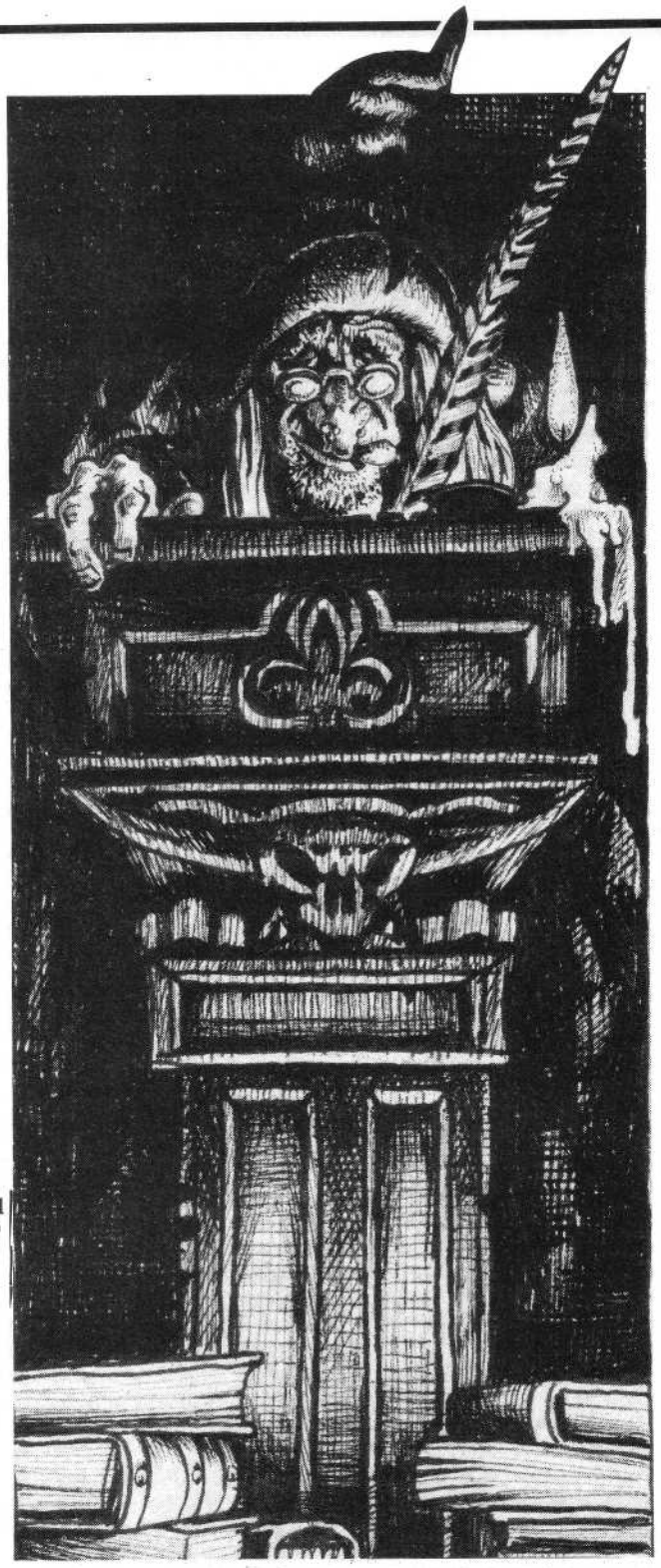
Age: 42

Skills
Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Cartography; Charm; Etiquette; Heraldry; History; Numismatics; Read/Write; Ride; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Bretonnian Dialect

Possessions
Dagger, writing equipment, tricorne hat, powdered white wig, thick pebble glasses, brown foodstained suit.

Heinz can be introduced to the adventurers in a number of ways. He could simply be encountered in a riverside inn or strolling along the docks. If he sees the adventurers, he may attempt to strike up a conversation about the River Reik, one of the great loves of his life. Or they could rescue him from muggers one dark and foggy night. Alternatively, the adventurers could hear of him from a pub landlord, 'There's this educated geezer who often comes in here, always asking questions of folk about the river, writes a lot of it down, he does, and always pays for information.' The adventurers could either seek him out or wait until he arrives. Another way to introduce him is for the adventurers to see a notice asking for 'Honest riverfolk to map the Reik, good money paid for important scientific work.'

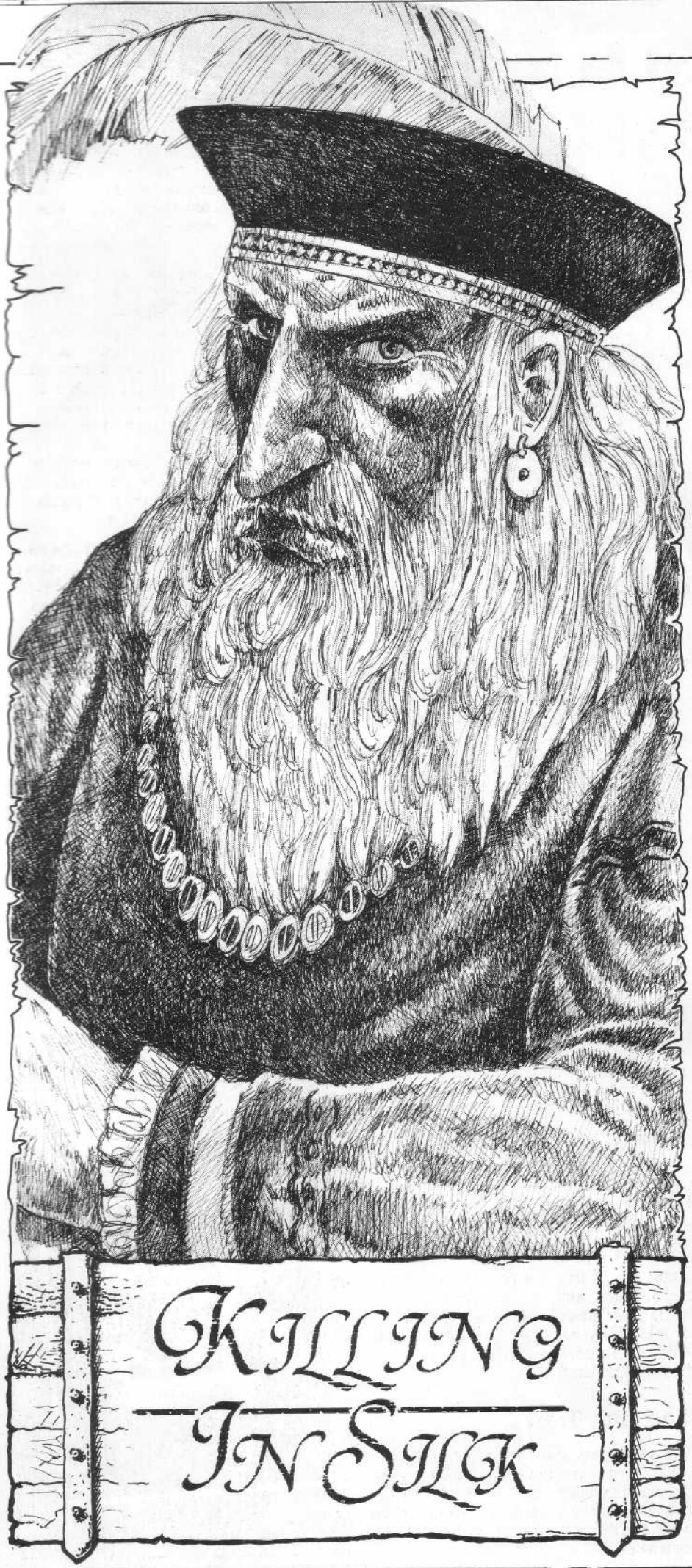
No matter how the adventurers encounter him, Heinz is interested in finding a team of people to make maps of the Reik for him. He is willing to pay 25 GC for accurate maps and will teach any character the *Cartography* skill for free. A *Int* test is required to learn it from him.



In addition to teaching *Cartography*, Heinz can be a very useful source of information on The Empire's geography and history. Once the adventurers return with their charts, he will act as a patron to any character wishing to become a student or scholar at the University, and he provide letters of introduction to other academics and universities in The Empire.

In addition, Heinz is willing to give private tuition in *Numismatics* and *History*. He refuses to teach *Read/Write*, however, as he considers it to be beneath his dignity. Heinz's family and university connections can come in useful as well, since he will be able to intervene on the adventurers behalf if they get into any trouble with the authorities. How successful his intervention is, depends on the extent of the adventurers' crimes, but he should be able to deal with minor transgressions easily.

Jim Bambra & Phil Gallagher



Illustrated by Stephen Tappin

An AD&D mini-adventure set in a city for a party of 4-8 player characters, of mixed classes levels 4-7.

by Matt Connell

Gamemaster's Background

The party should not contain too many Lawful characters, as they will find the task they are required to complete is of dubious legality!

The adventure takes place in the City of Rushford, a large town renowned for its thriving market-place and its efficient, if heavy-handed, militia. Rushford has a powerful Merchants' Guild, which, through agreements with the Lady of Rushford, keeps profiteering to a minimum and ensures its members are well treated by the taxman, the militia and any other town authorities. This situation pleases all but a few of the more unscrupulous merchants, who view the Guild as placing unnecessary constraints on their profits. Of these dissatisfied merchants, one - Bram Veesh - has decided to remedy the situation. He is embarking on a campaign to weaken the Guild, until its power has dwindled enough to allow him full scope for his illegal and unsavoury practices.

As one part of his plan, Bram has paid an Illusionist, Alogoid, a considerable sum of money to find ways of reducing people's faith in the Guild. Alogoid, possessed of a sharp and devious mind, reasoned that the best way to antagonize a merchant was to cheat him in some way. So he sat down, lit some incense to focus his mind, perused his Tomes of Enchantment and came up with the following plan.

Alogoid used the spell *Minor Creation* to produce a bale of finest quality silk. Then, using the spell *Change Self* to pose as a well-known merchant, he went to the market and sold the 'silk' to a member of the Merchant's Guild. After a few hours, the 'silk' disappeared, leaving nothing but an angry merchant who immediately registered a complaint with the Guild.

Alogoid repeated this several times, posing as a different merchant on each occasion. This had the desired effect: members of the Guild to accused each other of dishonest trading. The Guild authorities have been trying to solve the disputes through their normal channels, but - as might be expected - these attempts have been unsuccessful. There is a build-up of tension within the Guild, and although this could lead to major problems, the Guild doesn't want to call on the City Militia. This would demonstrate their inability to keep their own house in order. Hearing about the recent arrival in Rushford of a party of adventurers (the player characters), the Guild High Committee have decided to hire them to sort out the problem as discreetly as possible, hopefully without the knowledge of the city authorities.

Players' Introduction

The GM should read the following to the players at the beginning of the adventure:

One thing that isn't difficult to find in the city of Rushford is a decent drop of ale. Just about anyone will recommend a tavern to you. The ale is cool and flavoursome, and very relaxing. As you while away the afternoon, a small boy, dressed in the garb of a merchant's page, squeezes his way through the crowded bar to your table. He delves inside the leather wallet he carries and removes a piece of parchment with an elaborate seal, which he hands to you. It's interesting enough to put down your drinks for.

The note contains the following message:

Honoured worthies
Your esteemed presence in our humble city has been noticed, and comes as such a time when we feel we can provide employment suited to persons of your undoubted discretion and abilities. If you are interested please accompany the page, who has instructions to bring you to us.

Yours in faith

The Merchants' Guild High Committee

Assuming that the PCs are intrigued enough by this document to gather their equipment and follow the page, they will be led through winding streets to the imposing Merchants' Guild building. The page takes them to a richly-appointed chamber, where a group of men and women wearing the fine clothes of wealthy merchants await their arrival. The merchant's spokesperson, a tall, imposing woman, addresses them:

'Welcome. So as not to waste valuable time, I will come directly to the point. As you are no doubt aware, our Guild is famed for its fairness, independence and unity. All three of these values are being threatened. Normally, of course, we like to solve our problems without resorting to outside help, but we feel that employing independent... um... adventurers, such as yourselves, will solve our problem discreetly, without other authorities

becoming involved. Before I reveal the nature of our requirements, I must ask you to agree to keep silence on what I am to tell you. It is to be discussed only with Guild members. You can rest assured that the reward is suitable.'

An abrupt introduction, but a seemingly businesslike one. If the party agrees to this condition, she continues:

'Over the past few weeks, several complaints have been lodged by members of the Guild against other Guild members, accusing them of dealing in false and substandard goods: bales of silk with the unfortunate characteristic of disappearing a few hours after purchase. We investigated these claims, but could find no evidence to confirm either the guilt or innocence of the accused parties. Indeed, as we continued the investigation, more disputes of this nature were reported almost every day. The price of silk began to plummet, and open bickering between respectable merchants has become commonplace. Whatever the nature of the mystery, all attempts to solve it have drawn a blank. Your task is to seek out the root of the problem and remove it, restoring the public's confidence in the silk market and the honourable Merchants' Guild. You must act with discretion at all times, and keep us informed of any developments.'

300gp will be offered to each party member, but hard bargaining could raise this to a maximum of 550gp. No mention is made of the ownership of any booty they may come across during their mission. If the party accept the task, they will be given the names and addresses of five merchants involved in the disputes, and will be advised to begin their investigations with these people. They are Cova Rubian, Yu Sen, Undeen Brugo, Zagire Domon and Pollinex Bencard.

The Silk Trail

The adventurers' only opportunity to meet the five merchants is to call at their houses. No map is provided for the town so you must 'ad lib' any activity you wish to occur while the PCs interview the various merchants.

Cova Rubian is a wealthy and successful man. He lives in a large town house with his current mistress and his retinue of servants. One of the servants will let the party into the hall, where they will have to wait for twenty minutes before Cova will see them. The characters will be able to hear sounds of decadent revelry from another part of the house.

When a slightly dishevelled Cova finally appears he will explain that he was attending to some important business. Cova is a rather fat man, with many rings on his pudgy fingers He is dressed in the the nearest thing to fashionable garb for a rather fat merchant: flowing red and purple silk pyjama type clothes. Cova's manner is distinctly superior, particularly with adventur-
ing types who earn their money largely by manual labour, and who have probably trooped into his house armed to the teeth and brandishing *Bags of Holding*.

Cova has registered complaints against Undeen Brugo and Pollinex Bencard, whom he believes sold one of his minions a bale of the 'disappearing silk'. The transactions are alleged to have taken place in the market-
place some three weeks ago. He vigorously denies any accusations made against him by Yu Sen, and becomes angry if the characters push the point.

Under no circumstances will Cova allow detective magic to be used on him (eg, *Detect Lie*), and he will have the characters thrown out if he suspects the use of magic.

Yu Sen is a moderately successful silk dealer who lives on the outskirts of Rushford in a small, pleasant house. She will answer the door herself, offer the PCs refreshment if they behave themselves in a courteous manner, and seem genuinely concerned about the situation. Yu is slim, with a dark complexion and a friendly manner - she realises that it is in her own interest to assist the PCs in their enquiry. She explains, over tea, how she was embarrassed to discover that the silk she had purchased from Cova Rubian was of the 'disappearing' variety, and registered a complaint with the Guild over the matter. Yu can vouch that the silk was genuine and of the highest quality when she purchased it, and bemoans the whole state of affairs; the falling price of silk threatens to ruin her.

If asked to submit to a *Detect Lie* spell, Yu will politely refuse, explaining that she

belongs to a sect that believes it is important to accept the spoken word as binding truth. She will be most unhappy if she suspects this or similar magic is being used without her permission.

Undeed Brugo is not a very successful merchant. He lives with his wife and children in a run-down house near the centre of Rushford. He is a plain-looking man, straightforward and honest in nature, and gives the impression of being somewhat stupid. He denies any accusations made by Cova, swearing that he wouldn't do such a thing. If asked, he will submit to a *Detect Lie* spell to prove his innocence. Tell any player whose character looks around that there are unpaid bills everywhere.

Zagire Domon is a thin, angular man who wears black silk robes and lives in a mean town house with his aged mother. Zagire is a nasty piece of work, who forces the old dear to do all the cooking, washing and cleaning despite her age and infirmity. All this will become apparent to the characters when a snivelling old woman opens the door and begs to be rescued from her life of virtual slavery. Zagire will rush up and bustle her away.

'Don't mind my mother,' he explains hastily. 'Ever since father died she's been a little - you know.' If the PCs insist on rescuing the woman or berate Zagire for his way of living, the merchant will scream abuse and call for his eunuch bodyguards (AC8 (leather armour); HD4; 25hp each; MV 6"; AT 1; D 1-8; AL N), who wield scimitars and don't talk to Zagire's enemies.

Zagire will keep well out of any fight. If the party defeat his eunuchs, he allows them to take his mother away, but then hires an assassin (level 4-7), who will attack a member of the party at some time over the next two weeks, if they are still in Rushford. The old lady really is senile and will dribble a lot in response to direct questions. If the party are gentle with her, she will eventually remember that she has relations in a village a few miles away, where she can be dumped by do-gooder PCs.

If the party ignore the old woman, Zagire will explain that he was sold dud silk by an unknown merchant, accompanied by a servant, in the market two weeks ago. The 'interview' will last no longer than it takes him to say this, and he will refuse to submit to a *Detect Lie* spell.

Pollinex Bencard lives in a neat cottage near the marketplace. He is a jovial man, who insists on telling old and desperately unfunny jokes at any opportunity. It is impossible to offend the old fool. Pollinex uses this jolly front to cover the fact that he is a coward. He is visibly nervous at the presence of weapons, though, and appears worried if questioned harshly concerning any accusations made by Cova. Pollinex is - of course - innocent of the crime he stands accused of and will say as much, but he has no proof of any nature to back up his claim that he wasn't present at the market on the day concerned. He will happily submit to a *Detect Lie* spell.

As you may have gathered, questioning the merchants will gain the PCs very little. They will discover that all the transactions in bogus silk have taken place in the market-
place on the weekly market day, and this is the only lead that will lead them anywhere.

The Market

The market is situated in the centre of Rushford, in a large cobbled square surrounded by inns, shops and boarding houses of all descriptions.

The market itself, bustling with hundreds of people of all types, is a large collection of stalls with brightly coloured awnings which sell all manner of wares. Everything listed in the *AD&D Players Handbook* is available, together with a variety of fine clothes, livestock, food and drink, etc.

If the characters try to buy anything, the canny stall holders will usually start

their prices way above those listed in the PHB, and hard bargaining will be required to obtain anything like a reasonable deal.

As the party wander through the market, they will probably have an encounter of some kind. Roll a d6 once every two turns; a roll of 1-2 indicates an encounter. To determine the type of encounter, roll a d6:

1: ***1-3 Drunks*** (AC10; F0; 3hp; MV 4"; AT 1; D 1-3; AL N). The drunks will stagger up and embrace the characters as long lost friends. If the PCs humour them, they will offer their bottle of rotgut around, chat in a slurred fashion for a while and then move on. However, they are easily angered, launching into the fray wielding bottles, fists, pieces of nearby stalls, etc. The Market Patrol of the City Militia (Four Militiamen, AC6; F1; 8hp; MV 9"; AT 1; D 1-8; AL LN) will be called by a nearby stall holder, and will break up the fray after 2d6 rounds. Unless the PCs offer bribes or do some fast talking, they will spend the rest of the day in the City lockup.

2: ***1-10 Beggars*** (AC10; F0; 2hp; MV 6"; AT 1; D 1-4; AL Various). The beggars will accost the PCs, displaying deformities, sores, open wounds, etc, and keeping up a steady stream of whining, sobbing and moaning. If given some coppers they will bless the characters in the name of various gods. If given nothing, the beggars will follow the characters around, making it impossible to conduct business or enter shops. If the players dish out anything more valuable than a few coppers, 1-6 more beggars will be attracted.

3: ***1 Thief*** (AC 7; T5; 21hp; MV 12"; AT 1; D 1-4; AL NE; Pick Pockets 55%). A human thief will attempt to pick the pockets of the richest-looking character. If discovered, he will run away into the crowd, with a 50% chance per round of losing any pursuers.

4: *1 Mad Dog* (AC 6; HD 2+2 (attacks at +3 due to rabies); 14hp; MV 9"; AT 1; D 2-8 +25% chance of infection; AL N). A rabid dog, barking and foaming at the mouth, will attack a character at random. Anybody infected with rabies will be unaware of it until eight hours later, when they will start to feel sick and weak (no actions save drinking and sleeping possible). After another eight hours, they will start to froth at the mouth and bite nearby people with +3 to hit, inflicting 1-2 points of damage (with a 25% chance of infecting the victim). After another 2-8 hours the victim will die. The only way to cure rabies is to cast *cure disease* on the victim some time between infection and death.

5: *1-4 Hotel Touts* (AC10; F0; 3hp; MV 12"; AT 1; D 1-4; AL Various). The touts are hired by boarding houses and inns to get custom. Each will be most insistent that they are offering the best at the cheapest price. They won't be put off until one of three things happens - they are accompanied to the hostel; they are threatened with physical violence; or they are paid a few gold pieces to go away. If the characters go towards one hotel, the other touts will follow and drop their prices. Needless to say, the inn rooms never come up to the standards promised, although it is possible to find acceptable rooms in this manner.

6: *2-6 Church Collectors* (AC4 (chain + shield); C1; 6hp; MV 9"; AT 1; D 2-7 (mace); AL LG; Spells: *Cure Light Wounds, Command*). The acolytes are collecting for their church roof fund and will ask for a donation. Generous characters will receive a verbal blessing (*not* the spell). If the characters do not make a donation, they will receive a short lecture on the benefits of charity and any nearby traders won't bargain with them (almsgiving is highly respected in Rushford).

Each encounter will only occur once (substitute an alternative if a duplicate result is rolled). Eventually, the characters will see a merchant (a short, rotund man, dressed in voluminous purple robes) attempting to sell a trader a bale of silk. The trader is reluctant to buy (having heard of the disappearing silk) but the price is scandalously low. Finally, the merchant - accompanied by his servant - gives up and makes his way towards a side alley. A *Detect Magic* will reveal that both the 'merchant' and the 'silk' possess a dweomer, for this is Alogoid attempting to sell another batch of 'silk'. If the party follow Alogoid at a discreet distance, they will witness him change form into a gaunt, red robed man as his *Change Self* expires.

The two men will cross Rushford to Alogoid's house, where the Illusionist will pause and use his *Wand of Enemy Detection*. If he detects a potential enemy (such as the PCs), he will enter his house calmly, and prepare for attack (see below).

If the PCs are foolish enough to attack Alogoid on the street, he will shout for the City Militia (same statistics as the Market Patrol above), who will arrive in 2-8 rounds and arrest the characters for assault or attempted murder.

Alogoid's House

Alogoid lives in a largely unpopulated area of the city. His house is a one-storey stone building with a flat stone roof. The windows of the house have strong oak shutters, which are closed if Alogoid expects trouble, bolting them from the inside. The front door is always kept locked and bolted.

If a character knocks at the door, a henchman will politely refuse them entrance, explaining that 'the Master' is engaged in important research and can't be disturbed. The henchmen have strict instructions not to answer any questions and to lock the door after passing on this message. If Alogoid suspects an attack, no amount of knocking will raise any response.

Since the characters may attempt to gain entrance to the house in many ways, the exact locations of Alogoid and his henchmen are left up to the GM, although guidelines are given after the NPC statistics (see below). Remember that Alogoid is highly intelligent, and plan the defence of the house accordingly. If Alogoid has been forewarned by his wand, an effective ambush with spells and henchmen should be prepared.

If the characters attack the house as if it were a besieged castle there is a 5% chance per round (cumulative) that a passer-by will rush off to alert the Militia, who will arrive in 2-6 turns:

10 Men At Arms (AC4 (chain + shield); F0; 5hp; MV 9"; AT1; D 1-8 (longsword); AL LN);

1 Sergeant (AC4 (chain + shield); F2; 16hp; MV 9"; AT 1; D 1-8 (+1 strength bonus); AL LN); and

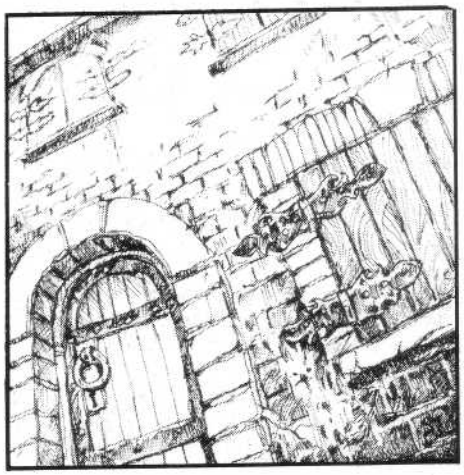
1 Officer (AC2 (plate + shield); F4; 35hp; MV 6"; AT 1; D 1-8 (+3 Strength bonus); AL LN). The officer carries a horn to bring reinforcements if the PCs resist arrest. There will always be more than enough men available to drag the PCs down (eventually).

Key To House Plan

All the ground floor rooms are lit by 5gp gems with *continual light* cast on them. The gems are held in small containers, which can be adjusted to vary the amount of light let out.

1. Hall: The hall has a polished wooden floor and three oriental rugs (350gp each, not obviously valuable). The walls have some pictures hanging on them, none of which is valuable.

2. Dining Room: This finely-appointed and carpeted room is where Alogoid entertains guests. There is a large, polished oak table with twelve matching chairs in the middle of the room, and against the south wall stands a large, finely-worked rosewood cabinet, which is locked. It contains a china dinner-service, and teak box which holds a set of



ten exquisite crystal goblets. The goblets are worth 600gp as a set, but only 30gp individually. There is a serving-hatch in the wall with the kitchen (5).

3. Lounge/Smoking Room: This room is furnished with five padded armchairs, which are arranged near the fireplace. There is also a low table, on which stands an ornate ebony box containing expensive tobacco (box: 75gp, tobacco: 10gp). Bookcases stand around the walls, and most of the 100 books would fetch 5-20gp from an Illusionist.

4. Closet: The closet contains food of various types (enough to last a week) together with assorted miscellaneous items - string, brushes, and so on.

5. Kitchen: Over a roaring fire hangs a cauldron of stew, whose delicious smell fills the air. Under the window is a wash-basin, and store cupboard containing a variety of pots, pans and other cooking utensils. The stairs lead down to the wine cellar (11).

6. Scullery: This stone-flagged room has pegs around the walls for outdoor clothes. In one corner is a pile of adventuring equipment, consisting of ropes, iron spikes, oil, lanterns and several backpacks. The outside door is kept locked.

7. Henchmen's Quarters: More plainly furnished than the rest of this floor, this room contains five beds and five locked footlockers (the keys are carried by the henchmen). The lockers contain assorted clothes and personal effects, mostly of little or no value.

8. Privy: The door from the privy to Alogoid's room (9) is locked; Alogoid carries the only key.

9. Alogoid's Bedroom: This sumptuously-furnished room has a thick carpet and curtains of rich cloth. On the walls are five silk wall-hangings, embroidered with mythological scenes (100gp each). Around the edge of the room are several large cushions and in the centre of the room is a large, soft bed with a vermillion silk cover (150gp) and three fine furs (50gp each). There is also a large wardrobe full of Alogoid's clothes. In the floor of the wardrobe is a secret compartment. It contains a letter to Alogoid from Bram Veesh, promising 2,500gp if Alogoid will help Veesh ruin the Guild. Only Alogoid has the keys associated with this room.

10. Meditation Room: This room has an austere look, and the walls are painted with various strange symbols; any Illusionist or Magic-User will recognise them as aids to tranquillity of mind for meditation and spell learning purposes. The air is filled with exotic incense, drifting from a small silver censer (50gp) on a low table of finely-lacquered wood (150gp). Stairs lead down to the cellar (11).

11. Wine Cellar: The walls are lined with laden wine racks; much of the wine is fine vintage (30 bottles at 10gp each). Against the west wall stand two large barrels. The northernmost barrel is empty; its front is a secret door, and there is another secret door in the wall behind it. On the floor beside the barrels is a dish of meat, used to feed the snakes in the pit (12).

12. Concealed Snake Pit: If a secret button concealed in the north wall (at **A** on the map) is not pressed, the pit door in the floor opens when there are three people on it. There is a 25% chance of finding the pit by tapping and listening for a hollow sound.

The pit is ten feet deep. Characters falling in will be surprised by three poisonous snakes (AC 5; HD 4+2; HP 25, 24, 15; MV 15"; Size L; AT 1; D 1-3, save vs Poison or take 3-18 additional damage; AL N) which slither from holes in the walls of the pit. Once the pit has been opened, pressing the secret button will reset the trap door, and pressing it again will make it safe to cross.

13. Corridor: The floor of this corridor is packed with clear glass globes about nine inches in diameter. The globes are fastened to the floor, and attempting to pull them up will break them, as will standing on them. Most are clear, but close inspection will reveal that one line of globes - stretching from door to door - have a faint pink tinge inside them.

If the pink globes are broken, they will release a gas which causes all characters within five feet to collapse choking and coughing unless a successful saving throw vs Poison is made. Collapsing characters have a 25% chance of breaking another pink globe, and will take 1 point of damage from shards of glass if unarmoured. The effects of the gas last for 2-8 rounds, and for every round the choking victim(s) take 1d6 points of damage; a Poison saving throw may be attempted every round to throw off the effects of the gas. The clear glass globes are safe to walk on and will not break unless hammered.

14. Captive Basidirond: There is no light in this chamber. Chained up in the middle of the room is a Basidirond (AC 4; HD 5+5; HP 31; MV 0" (chained up) 6" (unchained); AT 1; D 2-8 (plus smothering); AL NE; Size M; MMII), the object of Alogoid's studies into natural hallucinogens and their uses. When the characters enter, it will quietly begin to emit its hallucinatory spores, which will fill the entire room. The GM should roll the characters' saving throws against the spores secretly and inform each player privately of the type of hallucination that his/her character is experiencing. Encourage the players to roleplay the PCs' reactions to their hallucinations. Alogoid has developed an antidote to the effects of the spores (see 16), and he and his henchmen are immune - this makes this room one of the best places for him and his henchmen to finish off any intruders. If anyone ventures within five feet of the basidirond, they will discover that there is enough slack in its chains to allow it to attack them, lashing forward to strike with its cap.

Hidden under a concealed hinged slab in the south-west corner of the floor is Alogoid's treasure; the slab is locked and protected by a poison needle trap (save vs Poison or be paralysed for 2-8 turns). There is 2000gp, 2000gp in assorted gems, 500pp, an ornamental platinum filigree vase (2000gp) and a bone scroll case. In the case is a scroll with the following Magic User spells, inscribed at 11th level: *Burning Hands, Magic Missile, Shield, ESP, Knock, Explosive Runes*. Only Alogoid has the key to the slab, and his henchmen don't even know it exists.

15. Hidden Chamber: The archway that leads to this empty chamber from the corridor is hidden by a *Permanent Illusion* of a wall. Alogoid will, if possible, stand in here and attack the party with spells as they

robes of deep vermillion hue. He carries a *Ring of Protection +2*, a *Dagger +1*, a *Wand of Enemy Detection*, Potions of *Healing* and *Fire Resistance*, a *Ring of Spell Storing* (*Invisibility 10' Radius*), and a scroll with the spells *Vacancy* and *Non-detection*, inscribed at 12th level. In a pouch at his waist are 250gp. He also carries a bunch of keys to all the locks in the house, except the henchmen's private lockers in room 7. Alogoid's available spells (including those from devices) and their possible uses are:

Change Self: combined with *Fascinate* to dupe a member of the city watch into arresting the party after Alogoid has escaped from the house or with *Delude* (see below).
Chromatic Orb: *Sapphire Orb* version.
Colour Spray: in melee or to gain time for retreat.

Wall of Fog: to provide cover for his attacking henchmen.
Fascinate: see *Change Self* above.
Improved Phantasmal Force: to create the illusion of a secret door opening beside the characters with Gnolls attacking from it. This is a good one for Alogoid to cast when hidden in room 15.
Mirror Image: in its normal defensive manner.
Delude: with *Change Self* to appear as a duplicate of a character (cf doppleganger), to cause confusion etc.
Invisibility 10' Radius: to create an ambush or for escape purposes.
Non-Detection: to evade magical detection if Alogoid is forced to flee.
Paralyzation: centered on the most powerful-looking character.
Phantasmal Killer: on the most powerful-looking fighter-type.
Vacancy: cast in the laboratory (16) to conceal its contents.

Alogoid will take the *Potion of Fire Resistance* as soon as he is in direct danger, being careful not to leave it too late. He will not use his *Healing* potion on his henchmen.

When playing Alogoid remember his high intelligence and play him as you would a character of your own. If unaware of an impending attack, he will be in his bedroom or laboratory. As a fight proceeds, Alogoid will retreat behind his henchmen to the cellar, intending to lure the characters into room 14, and to make use of the ambush potential of room 15. If reduced to 5hp (with no more *Potions of Healing* available), he will attempt to escape. If at all possible he will take his spell books, and 2000gp in gems with him.

Alogoid has five henchmen in his pay:

Toby: (AC -1 (*Plate Mail +1, Shield +1*); F4; HP 29; MV 6"; AT 1; D 1-8+1 (longsword + strength); S17; I9; W10; D16; C15; Ch14; AL N).

Toby wears a blue doublet over his armour. He has 200gp in a pouch inside his shirt. He is very loyal, and will defend Alogoid to the end.

Bludgeon: (AC 4 (chain mail + shield); F2; HP 16; MV 9"; AT 1; D 1-8+1 (battle axe + strength); S16; I9; W12; D13; C14; Ch6; AL NE).

Bludgeon treats his employment purely as a source of money. Thus, he will defend Alogoid for a while, but will leave his employer and comrades without a moment's hesitation if the situation looks hopeless. In a pouch at his belt are 37gp.

Ranciduous: (AC 9 (robes + dexterity bonus); MU2; HP 7; MV 12"; AT 1; D 1-4; S9; I16; W10; D15; C15; Ch11; AL NE).

Ranciduous dresses in rather billowing blue robes and carries his spell book in a backpack. It contains *Read Magic, Magic Missile, Hold Portal, Spider Climb* and *Dancing Lights*. He has memorised *Magic Missile* and *Dancing Lights*. He is loyal to Alogoid, but not to the point of self-sacrifice.

Bronthon: (AC 3 (plate mail); F1; HP 12; MV 6"; AT 1; D 1-10+4 (two-handed sword + strength); S18/77; I5; W9; D13; C17; Ch14; AL N).

Bronthon is not subtle by nature, and will simply attempt to create as much mayhem as possible. He is too stupid to run away, and has to be told what to do by one of the others if it involves anything other than simple 'hack and slay'. Bronthon has three gems worth 80gp each.

Arturo: (AC 6 (leather + dexterity bonus; T2; HP 10; MV 12"; AT 1; D 1-8 (long sword); S12; I14; W10; D17; C15; Ch17; AL NE).

Arturo carries a *Potion of Extra Healing*, which he will only use on himself, Alogoid or Bronthon, together with a purse containing 398gp in gems. He will attempt to harry the characters, backstabbing wherever possible, and avoiding direct combat if given the choice. Arturo is loyal to Alogoid, and will defend him to the end.

All the henchmen (even Bronthon has had it drilled into him!) have instructions to lure the intruders into the room with the basidirond, as they will fight there at a considerable advantage.

The henchmen all carry keys to the house, but not for Alogoid's rooms. If no attack is expected, Arturo and Bronthon will be cooking (5) and the other henchmen will be playing dice in their quarters (7).

Ending The Adventure

If the players play well, the adventure should end with Alogoid dead or captured, and the letter from Bram Veesh to Alogoid in the characters' hands. All that remains is for the characters to report back to the Guild, who will pay them before taking action against Veesh.

However, the adventure could take a different course, ending with the characters' arrest, especially if they attack Alogoid in the streets, storm his house in 'gung ho' fashion, or if Alogoid escapes and brings in the Militia. This will result in a court appearance for the characters. In order to obtain their release, they will have to come up with a good story or, if they have Bram Veesh's letter, make a clean breast of things. This will result in the Guild being brought in - providing the publicity the High Guild Committee were so anxious to avoid. The Guild Lawyers will get the party off the hook, but the characters will receive no payment for the bungled job.

Run any trial for maximum effect, trying to instil a suitable fear in your players, and if they don't come up with a convincing story, have them sentenced. The sentence could vary from penal servitude to death - it's up to you!

If the party completes the job to the Guild's satisfaction, the characters could be employed to bring in Bram Veesh for trial by the Guild's High Committee. This would involve getting into Bram's well-guarded mansion and taking him alive. The Guild wants justice to be seen to be done, so Bram's corpse would be no good to them.

Matt Connell

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE M

Perps as Player Characters in Judge Dredd the Roleplaying Game

Illustrated by Nik Williams

ALIVE, COP-AARRGH!

by Carl Sargent

Who'd be a perp? You, spug, if you think about the challenges of it. There are more opportunities for roleplaying being a perp. Judges tend to be slightly stereotyped after a while; they have to be highly predictable and somewhat rigid by definition - they are The Law, after all. And perps don't have the logistical support of Judges; no MAC to interrogate, no special back-up squads to get you out of trouble. Indeed, on this score, Gamemasters might prefer to have players role-playing perps, because this solves the perennial problem of player-character Judges relying on these external sources of help instead of racking their own brains when the going gets weird. Finally, roleplaying perps can be fun for a change; get some extra variety into your *Judge Dredd* gaming! So let's see how the Perp Game in JD can be run for fun.

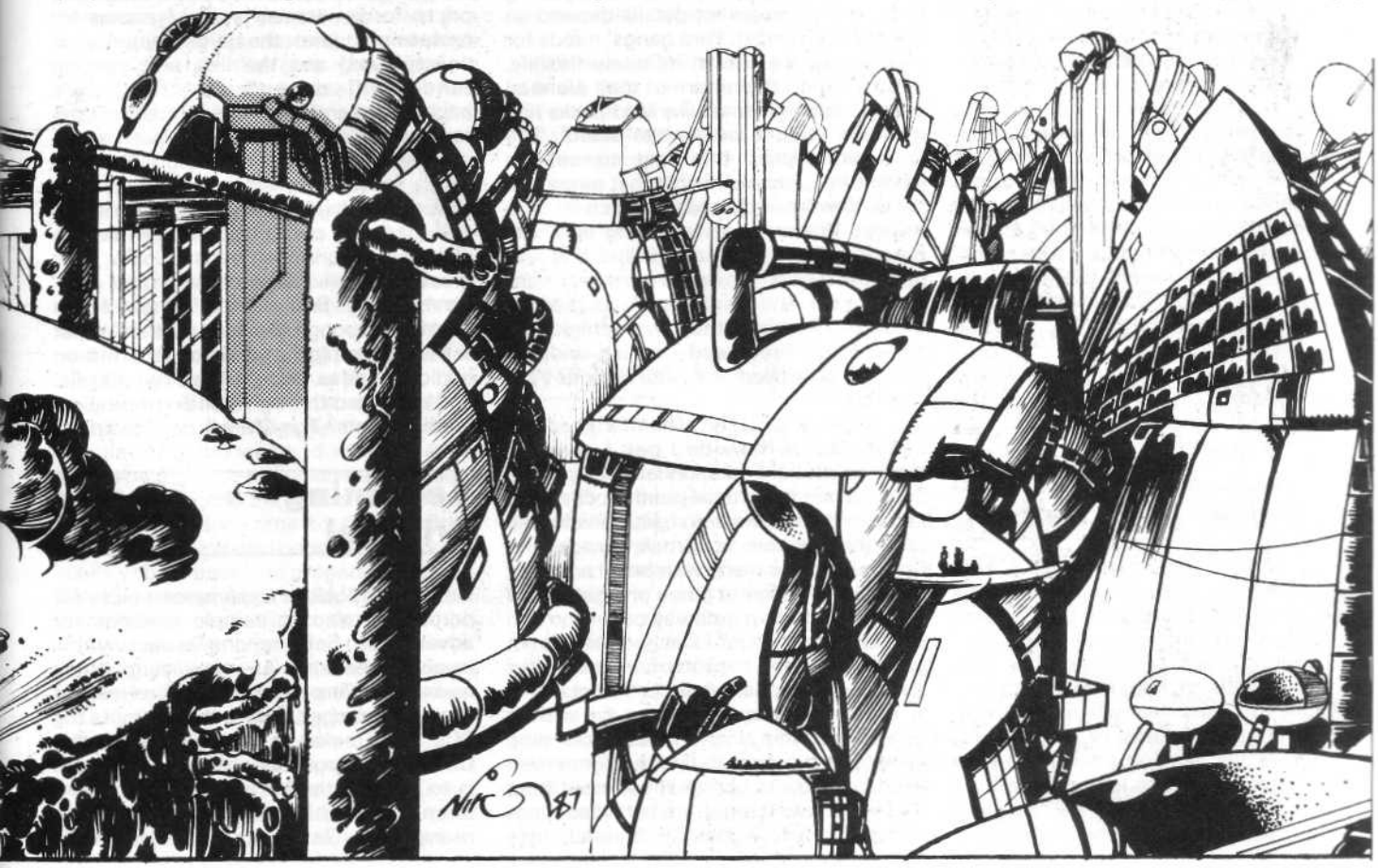
Creating the Player Perp

I suggest generating the statistics for player character perps in the same way as for a Judge, with one modification (stick to the d4 determination for Strength; don't use the official method for determining Judge **S** scores given in the forthcoming *Judge Dredd Companion* in the case of perps, because the logic of that method applies only to Judges). The modification is this: you may allow the perp PC to advance his highest skill score (but not PS) to 40 if he does not have a 40 skill score to begin with. The reason for this is simple. It's going to be very tough for perps out there, and to have a chance of staying alive the PC perp should start off with one special ability.

To begin with, it will be a big advantage to create a perp gang. Later on, a GM can devise solitaire adventures for expert cat-burglars (or bat-burglars - latter-day Bennies), but there is safety in numbers and gang members with different special abilities will be able to complement each other. And they will be differentiated; the budding heavy, the canny thief, the forger, the extortionist, the cracker of security systems, the crack getaway driver.

We might take a closer look at special abilities here, because they will be important to beginning perps and again later, when experience and further abilities can be gained (more on that later). In the existing game, most abilities available to Judges are available to perps (see *GameMaster's Book, p49*) with one odd exception - of the Street Skill (SS) abilities, only *Keen Observation* and *Sector Knowledge* are available to NPCs. Yet one might reasonably expect that SS based abilities would be particularly easy for perps to acquire, since they don't seem to be likely to be learned through training (as, say, TS special abilities might be), but rather through general experience and observation. I suggest that *Sense Crime* and *Spot Hidden Weapon* should be available for PC perps, and also *Interrogate* for those difficult times when it isn't possible, sadly, to get the particular piece of information you want by pointing out that kneecaps do not tend to fare too well in traumatic encounters with a well-aimed sledgehammer.

The GM should consider developing some new special abilities to balance the fact that perps won't have the resources, in most cases, to use some of the ones in the rulebooks. Here are some examples; if Judges can *Sense Perps*, why shouldn't perps be able to *Sense Judges* (not as dumb as it sounds - their uniforms do tend to give it away - but haven't you heard of the Wally Squad?) The *Acting* ability from the *Judgement Day* adventure is another obvious possibility, and one can readily imagine a TS *Forgery* ability which would enable a perp to forge ID, credits, credit cards, maybe even security passes and auto-keys (of course, some of these forgeries would need expensive equip-



ment; cheaper equipment would lead to an increased risk of casual detection). Special TS and DS skills for *Modifying Mechanisms* (not just repairing or disabling them) could be important in souping-up weapons and vehicles, enabling a perp gang to make the most of limited resources in hard times. One can imagine a special skill for cracking automated security systems (*Hacking*?) and even a Street Skill *Intimidate* ability, useful for extortionists and heavies. This could affect a citizen's willingness to talk to the Law, even under direct interrogation. There are clearly many possibilities.

Having generated the basic stats of the perp and determined a special ability, we need to create some kind of role within society for this person. If players are going to have their perp PCs form a gang, they won't need to know each other to start with, but they shouldn't come from totally different backgrounds, with nothing in common at all (but they can be friends of friends of friends...). Obviously, our perp is certainly no master criminal and no way is he a member of a feared gang (yet). But is he an outlaw hiding in a ruined sector block? Or a teacher running a kiddie Umpty Candy ring? Or is he a whizz kid creaming off the odd credit off accounts at the bank? He could even be new to the world of crime, with no criminal record or history of criminal involvement (this is most likely with white-collar and very young PCs).

The player should decide the general kind of background he favours for his character, since this will be determined to some extent by the best skill scores and special ability of his character. The GM can then determine specifics as he sees fit - some suggestions follow. Incidentally, we might note at this time that having a family is unfortunate, since they can be held hostage or interrogated by perps who you've crossed, and children are notorious for careless talk, especially when nailed to the floor. Cruel GMs should give PC perps large families of brainless individuals who will, of course, be totally indifferent to their fate and cost the PC criminal social status - more on that important theme below. After all, even Judge Death loved his Mum (well... no, actually, he didn't... but you know what I mean). The thing to remember is never to be too generous, and this will become clearer as we review the key needs of perps: problems Judges never have to worry about.

More Fear and Loathing

The first thing a perp must have is a safe base. Sure, you have your hab or your ruined sector block or maybe the GM was a generous fool and allowed you a run-down shuggy hall or munska bar. But when the heat is on, from the Law or other criminals, you need somewhere else to go, and not to the homes of other gang members either (leading trackers to your friends, perhaps). Here is one benefit of being a gang member - there will be a gang hideout, the location of which should be determined by the GM to be initially known only to gang members. Any gang which is hoping to survive will take considerable trouble to locate and maintain several bolt-holes, each with key supplies (see below). Always have somewhere to hide, perps, you never know when someone will be after you with a stub gun or a Lawgiver.

A second essential is the ability to move fast. Never underestimate the value to the gang of a good mechanic and getaway driver - fast wheels are always useful. Powerboards and jet packs are for later - they cost plenty. Some people have claimed that laser power has been utilized for personal travel, and if that's true... Perps should not be given superfast transport to begin with by the GM, but they must have something. Don't forget that manoueverability can be as important as speed too!

Third, perps need weapons. The GM should probably rule that any perp must have a weapon of some kind, but obviously this will depend on the nature of the persona the player has created for his perp. A bodyguard will have a stump or spit gun, a club or knuckledusters, a knife, and maybe a miscellaneous weapon as well; a computer criminal will probably only have a knife. Don't give 'em anything silly like a flesh disintegrator or a sonic weapon. Such things are only dreams for now, and for some time in the future too.

Even things up here by determining that white-collar perps (who will have very little weaponry) will have miscellaneous useful items - maybe a Med-pack, a pollution meter, an auto-key or two, some plans or blueprints, tools and software for repairing bots, and so on (exact details depend on their backgrounds). Perp gangs' needs for such items are almost infinitely flexible, depending on the nature of their planned crimes, although items like Med-packs and pollution meters are always useful. The GM can exploit this fact to set up adventures, since initially what perps will try to do will be governed as much by their meagre resources as anything else. So, feed 'em the right gizmos, and this will push them gently towards what you want them to do. And be stingy! Also, get into the habit of making the players think hard about what they need - which widgets does my perp need and why? How do I get them?

Almost any 'how do I get...' question leads us straight to a key element of the Perp Game - the crucial need for contacts and information. How do I get plans for the security systems at Crook, Crook and Cockburn? How many watchmen are there on patrol at different times of night? We'll need a souped-up getaway car - who can do the conversion job? Can we get Stumm gas or sniper fire to protect and cover our getaway? Information and contacts; this is where roleplaying comes in with a vengeance. You simply must know who knows what, where to find the people you need, and how to get what you want from them. Threats are not a smart idea... not to start with certainly. Instead, use persuasion and bargaining, and suitable toadying to those more powerful than yourself (which doesn't mean you don't plan to boil them in their own body fluids later).

Imagine the scene as you sit in the dimly-lit room, blue clouds of cigar smoke billowing across the air from the corpulent form of Mad Dog Poindexter. He speaks slowly: 'So ya did the Boyson job last month. No great shakes, a bit small beer for my outfit, but not bad. Clean job. Now ya wanna get a keyman, get into the security business. Well, I got the best. Maybe I put you in touch after you pay a little introduction fee. Maybe we do a little business sometime.' You visibly relax - just a fee! Too late you realize that it was a softening-up act. The beady eyes have homed in on your moment of vulnerability, and Poindexter tells you there's just a litle something extra; he'd just like you to wipe out the last pathetic remnants of the megalomaniacal Bullturn gang, who are trying to muscle in on one of his minor operations. You curse and agree... you need those keys badly. A few weeks later, when it's all over, it was worth it. The keyman was good, and Poindexter really is putting some business your way... This is roleplaying, good and seedy but testing you out too.

However, issues of resources usually boil down to money in the end. Starting-out perps would have more than just the price of the next meal, but the GM shouldn't allow any of them to be rich (although possessing a decent auto would mean having a fair sum in property). I won't suggest precise sums here, because the *JD* game system doesn't document prices for key items, typical incomes for professions (and the large majority of unemployed) and the like, and starting funds will depend on the perp's background and on the GM's scale of cost for items. Certainly, GMs will need some such scale, because it's going to be used a lot - for an outlawed perp in Mega-City One, everything has to be bought in secret, and haggled over. And money is the lifeblood of criminal transactions. How much is a spit carbine or a stump gun? Ammunition? Body armour? Phew! Make them pay through the nose for that! What is the percentage, and absolute, profit on a kilo of adifax bought in at 'wholesale' and marketed through a chain of retailers on the streets? The GM will need to know!

Becoming a Master Criminal

Later, we'll look at experience points for perps and also at sample plotlines for adventures. But the one aspect which involves the kind of roleplaying which makes the Perp Game such a refreshing change in *Judge Dredd* is the attempts the PCs will make to become a Master Criminal. It's true that one road to success is to become the Mr Big, the behind-the-scenes machinating, machiavellian manipulator. On the other hand, criminals

usually want to be seen as prestigious by others of their ilk, even by the public in some cases (these latter don't usually last too long). The GM and players can have fun playing around with what we can term 'criminal social status'.

Criminal social status can be gained by wiping out an enemy gang (but the maximum gain is only obtained if this is done with real style and panache), but also in other ways. One can gain it from a famous coup against Sly Gonzo Flush at the poker table, by stealing the favourite floozy of a competing gangleader (or his 'creative accountant'), or by calmly walking into an illegal smokatorium owned by a rival (and notably psychopathic) gang leader with a huge havana and swanning around with an enormous munska cocktail (and with his floozy as well, if you wish). Naturally, the place is full of your stool-pigeons and flunkies who will only be too ready to perform instant neurosurgery on anyone giving you any bother. To become a true bigshot should involve not only having pulled off some audacious crimes (maybe even topped a Judge or two), but also being socially visible and fearless in criminal circles. You got to get respect, know what I mean, John?

The point about respect is that you will get more positive reactions from other criminals, and since resources and contacts are the name of the Perp Game this is extremely important. If a PC perp has gone out of his way to earn respect, incurring some risks to do so, the GM should reward him by applying positive modifiers to any check he makes regarding the helpfulness and willingness to provide assistance of other criminals. Jimmy the Fence might have weapons for sale at a lower price, if his customer commands respect. Adopt the only good idea in Another Game here; reward flamboyant play. But penalize recklessness and stupidity. Becoming a bigshot takes careful planning and intimidation and arrogance only work if one demonstrably has the force to carry out threats and protect oneself against worthless guttersnipes.

A highly important consequence of gaining criminal social status - which the GM should again reward good role-playing with - is the lackey-pulling power it confers. Day-to-day, street-level pongos, taps and other riff-raff will be attracted to membership of an organization which is manifestly doing well and whose leaders get respect. As these flunkeys accumulate, you can delegate the tiresome everyday bread-and-butter crime to them, paying them a commmission on extorted monies, while you sit back and prepare Big Crime, the interesting stuff. The GM should make the players continue to work for this money, however, organizing their lackeys. For example, Lackey Group A plants timed smoke bombs and a Stumm gas canister to explode in a shopping plaza at a set time. Judges roar up, and try to help the disabled, also trying to figure out what's going on. In the next plaza, Lackey Group B has just robbed three shops and mugged a few old ladies before doing a runner. Oldest trick in the book (and not likely to work more than once at best) but make the players think it up - and better ones!

Experience for Perps

Experience point acquisition is notoriously vague in *JD* (there seems to be a vogue for the 'give 'em whatever keeps 'em happy' cop-out these days). However you decide to award EPs, they should certainly reflect the calibre of roleplaying, intelligent problem solving, tactical and strategic awareness in combat (and especially in planning it), and sudden inspiration. These factors are at least as important in the Perp Game and in some cases (roleplaying) demonstrably more so. Something well worth watching for is when players start dreaming up their own little schemes, asking sly little questions about times of Judge patrols and distances between rooftops and the like. This is worth an EP or two...

So far as skill gains go, a standard conversion of 2d3 = 100 EPs skill points will do for perps as well as for Judges. If you wish, a perp may nominate a 'prime skill' at the start of his career and get 3d3 = 100 EPs for an advance for this stat, (but only 1d3 = 100 EPs for others). This should be different for different types of character - for Dave 'The Doc' Owen, a perp we'll meet later, it would be MS, for a blitzer it would be CS or I (only one of the two), for a driver it would be DS, for a blackmailer it would probably be SS. Don't let the players all get away with claiming CS is their prime skill (so many naive and hack-and-slay players want CS advances as their first ones) - it must be the one they originally advanced to 40.

With special ability acquisition, it is best to allow only one special ability every 15 skill points gained above 40, not one per 10 as holds for Judges. Judges have more resources, more tutors, archives, training, and so on. However, for the perp's prime skill you might allow one special ability gain per 10 skill points above 40; this will still leave Judges stronger on all-round abilities and on their average Strength score (see the *JD Companion*).

Two Special Cases

Almost anything is possible with the Perp Game, but two particular unusual cases are worth a closer look. The first of these is The Doc, the gang member with Med Skill abilities. He's invaluable. You're going to get wounded in shootouts, you may pick up diseases if you have to hide out in unpleasant parts of the city, you can even pick up radiation sickness if you go the the wrong place. Only The Doc stands between you and death. If your gang has one such character, don't forget that making his services available to another gang at a time of crisis (for a fat fee and with suitable security precautions) is going to generate a lot of good will. The Doc is also likely to be skilled with poisons, especially those nasty hard-to-trace insinuative jobs (the GM will have to be very careful with this). And The Doc has several other obvious skills. With a rueful smile, a thermometer in one hand and a blue-tinged aqueous solution in the other, he informs you that the adifax which Narco Priestley is trying to sell you is badly adulterated and largely worthless. Giving the shaking perp a quick once-over, the Doc tells you not to be too enthusiastic about expressing your considerable displeasure at this turn of events. Livers are fetching a good price on the organ-legging market these days...

The second case is much rarer, but uniquely exciting; the Psyker criminal. Having abilities like *Levitate, Jinx Mechanism* and *(Super-)Telekinesis* is obviously useful to criminals, but the obvious major role for a Psyker would be in gathering information with *Detect Intent* which could be used for extortion, blackmail, etc. Also, just having information about planned raids would be very helpful to planning. Industrial ESPionage is another possibility. This ability is very vaguely defined in the rulebooks and will call for a lot of work from the GM. Again, consider the possibility of perps reading off information from non-mental sources such as files and machines with a new *Clairvoyance* special ability (as opposed to the telepathic nature of *Detect Intent*), and even involuntarily precognizing future events. The GM needs to make the information picked up accurate enough to keep the players interested, but without giving away too much - information should be partial, incomplete and/or somewhat vague. Finally, players should keep in mind that over 90% of PC Psyker perps will have S=1 if the dice are unbiased and their rolls were honestly recorded, so they have a very healthy respect for their own survival! They'll be cowardly, and so they should be.

Plotlines for Perps

Obviously, there are very many possibilities; I'll just detail a few to stimulate the your imaginations.

Getting Hardware

Perps never have enough weapons and tools, so raids and robberies aimed at getting them will always be an attractive proposition. The good thing about this from the GM's point of view is that hardware will always be a lure for the PCs, and you can make the lure stronger (better weapons, body armour, etc) as they gain in experience. You can also change the nature of item locations to make sure that no two heists are ever the same - warehouses, shuggy hall basements where another gang caches the stuff, supplies left behind in a disease-infested sector block well away from the Law, and for the highly-skilled expert, there's the ultimate challenge of a crack at Justice Department stocks (of course they're heavily guarded: it just needs lots of decoys and hoax calls at exactly the right time and an elite squad of fanatical blitzers, that's all). This type of scenario can make a good introduction

to further adventures. The Fowler-Currie Headbanger Gang do indeed have a stash of weapons in their shuggy hall basement, but they also have security rotas and vehicle arrival times at a local warehouse known to store a new, possibly very valuable, experimental form of Boing®. This entices the PCs to have a crack at that too...

Judge Hunt

A particular Judge has been notably successful in blowing away your minions and now he's got one of your friends! The word is you can't take care of your own anymore! What are you going to do about it? Flunkeys are already beginning to desert... Smart players will try to set up the Judge with either a 'poisoned nark' (good stuff at first, to gain confidence, and then a lure to a sad death in an isolated place), a corruption bust or narcotics (hide some in his Lawmaster when he's off pursuing some perps on foot). It's best to just throw everything at him - every strategy you can think of. This is a good test of player creativity, so I won't give away any more than the elementary suggestions above.

Cleaning Up the Neighbourhood

You have a nice little number in your patch. Nothing too heavy, just tapping and a small line in insurance policies. Nobody gets hurt, right? But now a vicious little gang of punks with a huge, manic, vicious leader sporting a nasty line in dogs with filed teeth and *huge* jaws has been operating on the edge of your territory, making furtive forays. If you don't act, the Law will surely take an interest and start checking around, and they need not necessarily go when the punks do. Of course, the Law doesn't approve of vigilantes, so you might be in trouble if the actions are traced to you. Unless you've got a pet...

Bent Judge

This is a scenario the players will need to work at, but it opens up many possibilities. It becomes known that a nark (maybe even a PC who plays both ends against the middle - a dangerous game indeed!) has told Judge James that the Fowler-Currie Headbangers are soon to pull a big job at a local bot repair unit. And so they do - and they get away with it! This, and similar, evidence shows the PCs that James must be a bent Judge. Very careful and diplomatic questioning, involving no more compound fractures than was absolutely necessary, reveals that James never takes money but accepts payment in bot units and parts and in a variety of weird instrumentation. In return, he makes sure that the crimes he has been forewarned of aren't apprehended. Because he is otherwise efficient, his overall detection rate doesn't differ too much from any other Judge with a similar job. Now it's up to the PCs to exploit this. Perhaps James would do more than turn a blind eye to a crime by them. Perhaps he would bring them information, something from the Justice Department's own files... The possibilities are awesome. This will call for very careful roleplaying from the players and considerable care. The GM can open up some very dramatic adventure possibilities this way.

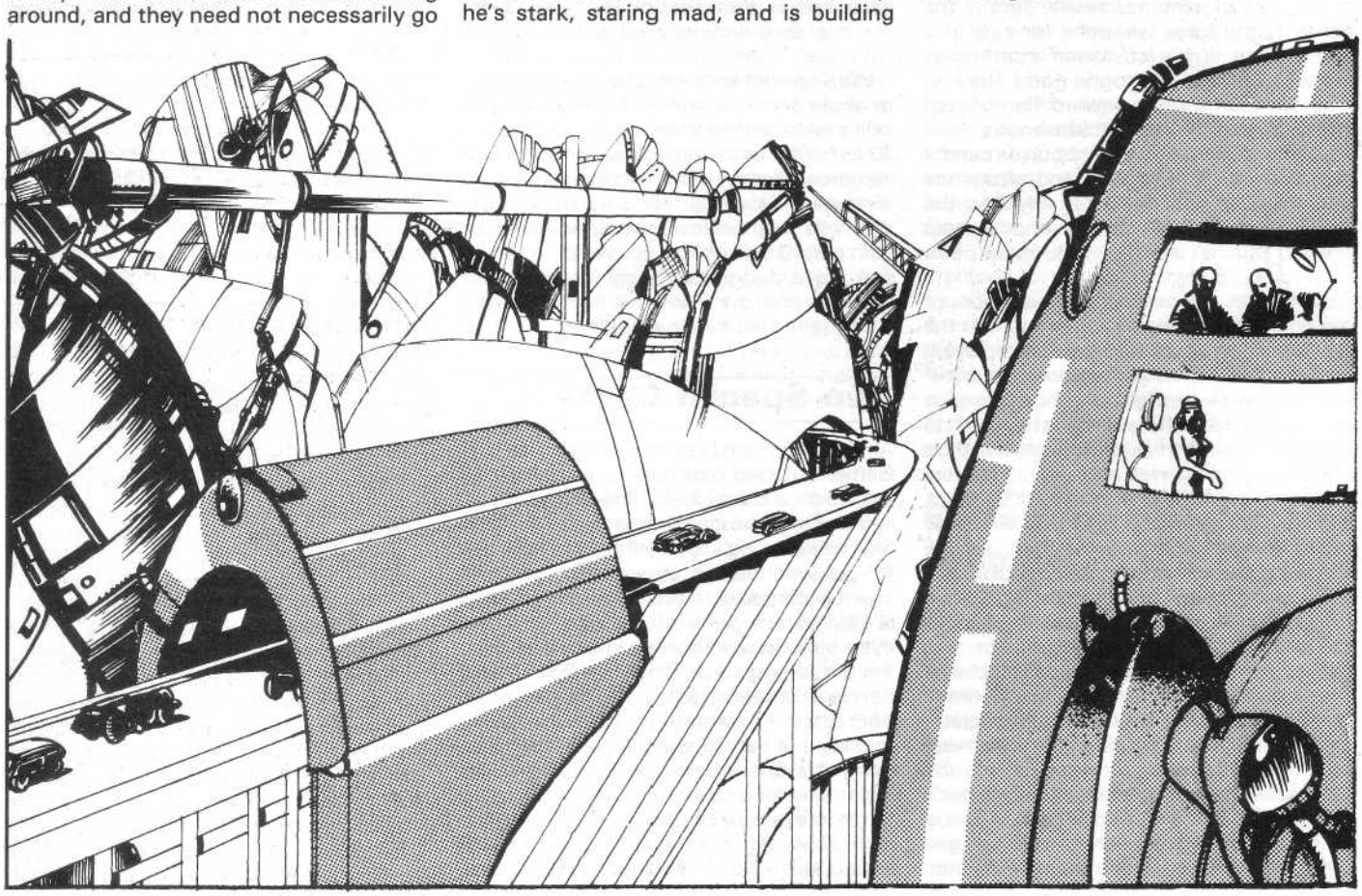
Why does Judge James collect these instruments and bot parts and the like? Because God told him to do it, that's why; he's stark, staring mad, and is building himself an interface to the Eternal Executive through which he can deliver mega-amplified addresses to the people. A fruitcake - but it's nice that the PC's possible hotline to the secrets of Justice Department should be like that. They can never be sure if they get to know him...

Mob War

For the real enthusiast, and only possible for criminal Bigshots (unless the players want to roleplay being cannon fodder). This can be developed by the GM through a series of lead-up, bruising encounters, to an apocalyptic shoot-out in some ruined area of the city. It can involve aerial combats, attacks through the Undercity (or, more likely, in passages and tunnels leading to it) and the like in addition to ground-level shooting, brawling and general mayhem. Obviously the Law is likely to turn up at some stage and you should be prepared for this (eg, they'll obviously try the use of Stumm gas and/or riot foam, so be prepared for these contingencies). Players may also need to hire mercenaries, try to buy (or even hire!) area-attack blitzing weapons, and the like; a great deal of tactical awareness can be expended on this one. Great fun, though.

Being a Judge is fun - part of the time. But so is being a perp, having fun committing all those unspeakable crimes. Even if you get arrested, you may get liberated from jail, if you have enough powerful allies. You can dream of vast wealth and innumerable flunkeys. So get started now. Mug that old lady today!

Carl Sargent



THE DIFFERENCE

The female persona in role-playing

by Erica Lidman

I'm Only Human You Know

The Real Female has an origin, a background, and a reason for being. To realistically play a female role the player must be female, think like a female, or have an insight into the female mind. No model exists of what constitutes 'typical female behaviour' so the male gamemaster is out on a limb. Women are as different from other women as men are as different from other men. There are really no limitations to what the Real Female can achieve given the right opportunities, which are often denied because of traditional misconceptions.

What Do You Think I Am?!

The Fantasy Female has no limitations except those of the human imagination. Her frequent depiction as a subordinate sex-object is a natural extension of Boyman's Dream - if boy-man can have a +1 sword that talks why can't he have a +3 female that doesn't? The idea owes its existence to male self-indulgence and the voluntary co-operation of females in popular media, for example in mens' magazines. Low fantasy is necessarily sensational in order to conceal its shallowness. High fantasy, on the other hand, has never needed sexual sensationalism to win hearts and minds: Tolkien, Garner, C S Lewis, etc.

That's Just Typical...

The Female Stereotype is a popular image reduced to a cliche - banal, predictable, often derogatory and, because of its popularity, selfperpetuating. It sometimes makes life easier to categorise people into collective groups, but when that happens the individual is lost (especially true of dictatorships where the Real Female is relegated to the role of victim). Careful use of the cliche can be used to great effect in comedy and satire but the simplistic stereotype has no place in role-playing where each female has her own individual identity, no matter how quiet or hidden. In gaming she emerges as the dumb blonde, witch on broomstick, busty barbarian, wicked lady, damsel in distress, perfect angel, etc.

He Made Me Do It

The Female Villain is often a creature of circumstance. The moral depravity and corruption of which some men are capable is alien to most women. In Britain the present ratio of male/female prisoners is 45:1. Powerful female criminals are rare because most female offenders are led into crime by men and tend to play a lesser role as part of a group; consequently their crimes are minor by comparison. The motivation of most female felons seems to be love, money, idealism or poetic justice. In role-playing she appears as thief, kidnapper, consort, moll, victim, assassin, political agent, or 'groupie'. She may be a sympathetic figure and is very often redeemable. In fantasy gaming she becomes a wicked lady who can reach any position of power denied her in realistic role-playing.

Deadlier Than The Male...

The Femme Fatale represents Woman at her most desirable/undesirable. She is the most feminine of females (utilising talents no man can possess)

A MONSTROUS REGIMENT

The Female Warrior in Roleplaying

By Alison Brooks

One of the best-known character types from fantasy literature has been the subject of a great deal of controversy in fantasy role-playing. Some roleplaying games actively discourage the type, others ignore it. Meanwhile, in magazines such as *White Dwarf*, there are always the critics who say that the type is 'unrealistic' and should not exist. The type I refer to is the woman warrior.

From Howard's *Red Sonja* and *Belit*, and C L Moore's *Jirel of Joiry* onwards, women warriors have stalked through the pages of fantasy literature. Their mythological counterparts are known from almost every culture: the Greek Amazons, the Norse Valkyries, the Celtic warrior queens and goddesses - all are among the best known. Nonetheless, the argument is put forward that: 'Women were not warriors in the eras which we are simulating, and therefore should not be warriors in games'.

Funnily enough, the physical impossibilities of magic, flying horses, giants and the like are overlooked. These things exist in fiction and legend, and that is sufficient justification for their existence in roleplaying games. Women warriors do exist in fiction and legend, but this is not sufficient justification for their existence in games.

Women warriors *have* existed throughout history and in all parts of the world, then for a campaign to be 'realistic', women warriors must exist in it.

In societies for which written records are not available, the only evidence which we are likely to find of women warriors is in legends and stories. These may well be folk memories of real women. In some cases, independent evidence is available to confirm this theory; in other cases it must remain conjectural. Let us, instead, consider the direct evidence for women warriors. I will discuss this under three headings.

Women Disguised as Men

It is difficult to know how many women have gone to war disguised as men, since a successful disguise is invisible to history! Nonetheless, a suprising number of disguised women are known, especially from the 17th century onwards (probably due to the increase in written records).

In the 17th century, a Captain Bodeaus, killed at the Battle of the Boyne, was discovered to be a woman. Another woman who joined the army was Kit Cavanagh, who followed her conscripted husband, and served for more than a decade. Her true sex was discovered when she was wounded, and she was discharged. Elsewhere, Catalina de Erauso, a Spanish woman, emigrated to Chile disguised as a boy, and eventually became a soldier. She gained a reputation for hot-blooded audacity, and took part in many duels. Her sex, too, was only revealed when she was injured.

Moving into the 18th century, a case particularly adaptable to a roleplaying situation arises. Anne Bonney was the illegitimate daughter of an Irish lawyer. The family moved to South Carolina, and her father prospered in trade. After adventures including thrashing a man who attempted to rape her, Anne joined forces with a pirate by the name of Calico Jack Rackam. They ran away to sea together, Anne disguised as a man, and became pirates. After a while, Anne made advances to a handsome young sailor in the crew, only to discover that this was another disguised woman, Mary Read. In turn, Mary Read fell in love with one of the pirates, and fought a duel on his behalf, killing her opponent. Their good life came to an end in October 1720, when a British Navy sloop attacked their ship while most of the pirates, including Calico Jack, were drunk. The men hid in the hold, while the women put up a spirited defence, shouting at the cowards to 'come up and fight like men'. Captured, and brought to trial, they were sentenced to death, but the order was stayed because they were pregnant. Mary died in prison, but Anne is thought to have been released through her father's influence.

and also the least representative (her moral deceit is rare). Her deadly attraction is comparable to that of a web-spinning spider, praying mantis, or poisonous plant. The myth of the man-eating she-devil is misleading as many femmes fatale are reasonably normal females driven to commit some act of aggression against the opposite sex. In some cases sexual manipulation of men is the only way the female can achieve her ends, making her a favourite fantasy figure and a maligned character in reality. In role-playing she's a destroyer: wittingly or not she traps, uses, and ruins men, though she herself may originally have been a victim; her background motivations are all-important. In fantasy gaming she becomes an exotic creature capable of anything, and probably achieving power through her seductions.

Stand By Your Man

The Female Fighter is rare because no society can afford to lose its women in warfare if it is to survive: a few men can fertilize a lot of women who can bear a lot of children, but a lot of men can't fertilize a lesser number of women and still produce the same number of children. Most females avoid combat unless threatened with some deep personal loss. Those women who adopt the fighting role usually do so out of necessity or circumstance. Notable examples of female fighters are the Celtic women of Ancient Briton and Gaul who fought beside men in battle, the Norse shield-maidens who gave as good as they got, and the 'Amazons' of South America. In role-playing the Female Fighter appears as warrior-queen, sword-mistress, shield-maiden, guerrilla, terrorist, barbarian, ranger, etc. In fantasy gaming her only restrictions are age and strength.

She's Heavenly...

The Female Paladin is a self-contradiction, hypocrite, or enigma because lawful good females create, preserve and save life, never take it in battle. History's prime example of the paladiness, St Joan, is an exception which tends to prove the rule. In realistic role-playing she's one-in-a-million: restrict her to the rarest appearance in any campaign. She almost certainly has a divine mission. She's unattainable, she's sexually inaccessible, and she's a natural target for The Bad Guys. In fantasy-gaming she becomes the angel of god with a special place in Paradise.

He Was Her Man, But He Done Her Wrong...

The Female Avenger combines elements of the fighter, villain and femme fatale. In role-playing her credibility depends upon her motivation. She must have experienced some deep loss or outrage as most women would rather forgive, forget or avoid. The role would usually be temporary as few females would acknowledge a chaotic god. Even fewer, the psychotics, would be chaotic evil. In fantasy-gaming she is transformed into a fury, avenging angel, and instrument of poetic justice.

She Who Must Be Obeyed

The Female Leader is usually civil or military. The civil leader includes the female administrator, head of state, and tribal matriarch. She is basically static as the feminine temperament is better-suited to protective diplomacies and preservations of state than to active participation in military affairs. In some tribal societies the power of the matriarch is hidden, concealed behind a male figurehead or chief. In those matriarchal societies where Woman has precedence over the Man, the matriarch is chief and is elected by tribal vote or selected by lineage. Most representative examples of the civil leader are Elizabeth I, Catherine The Great, Cleopatra, Catherine de Medici, etc. The military leader is rarer and usually a feature of ancient or savage societies. She is often a fierce character, physically and mentally as tough as a man: Boudicca.

Anything A Man Can Do....

The Strong Woman is no longer an impossibility. With the right physique

In the 19th century, improved medical care and hygiene made it more difficult for women to pass successfully as men in the armed forces. Despite this, it has been estimated that of 300,000 buried in Union graves in the American Civil War, 'hundreds' are women. Still others must have survived the war, or served for a while before being discovered and discharged. It seems reasonable to suppose that thousands of disguised women fought in this war.

That thousands of women took up arms in only one war during the century in which the sterteotype of the weak woman was strongest, seems to indicate that women warriors are possible, indeed likely.

Women as Women

In a great many historical societies, women warriors have been acceptable, even expected. The ancient Celts, the mediaeval Japanese, and various North American Indian tribes, accepted that women could be every bit as martial as their menfolk.

In 19th century Dahomey, two thirds of the army consisted of women. These Amazons were theoretically the king's wives, and owed their origin to an unorthodox solution to the problems of boredom in an overlarge harem. They were commanded by women officers who were responsible only to the king.

Individual women have also fought openly in societies where women warriors were less acceptable. Artemisia was a sea-captain who took part in Xerxes' war against the Greeks. In the battles which accompanied the early spread of Islam, women took part on both sides. Two examples are Nessiba Bint Kaab, who fought beside Mahomet at the Battle of Ahad, and Hind Bint Rabia, who fought on the other side in the same battle.

Women as Leaders

So much for women as warriors. Would men accept command from women? Again, the evidence tends to be affirmative. Women as leaders crop up through history. Where one woman leader is known, very often further research reveals that others existed at about the same time.

Name a woman leader. Right, Joan of Arc. Joan who demanded, and was eventually given, command, won battles largely through her ignorance of conventional tactics, was deserted by the Dauphin, and eventually burned as a witch. Not a very good example of a woman leader, you might think. The evidence, however, is that Joan had difficulty in being accepted because of her peasant background, rather than because of her sex, and it is far from unknown for princes to desert their generals when it becomes convenient. Other women leaders are known from the Middle Ages, largely because when the local lord is

and body-building techniques the high-powered woman with Strength 18 is a perfect possibility. The classes most likely to achieve ogress-power are (*AD&D*) half-orc, dwarf, barbarian, and human fighter. Most females would rely on other characteristics to achieve their ends.

Let Me Go!

The subjugation of men, women, and children is still a reality in both the old world and the new. A female allowed no power, sexual will, or social status is open to abuse and Woman has been victimized throughout history. In reality some well-treated slaves prefer the security and lack of responsibility which slavery offers, to the uncertainties of freedom. In realistic role-playing treat slaves as potential NPCs as many rose to positions of trust and power in Medieval Asia. Otherwise treat them as dehumanized objects (which is what they really are.)

We Shall Not Be Moved

The All-Female Society is a rejection of and reaction against the 'standard' social system as we know it, a system in which the female is often relegated to the role of 'The Second Sex'. A purely feminine community seems to lack long-term viability because, in real life, Nature always prevails; but, except during the mating season, women don't need men to survive. So there may be a time when the self-reproducing female/male becomes an evolutionary fact. In role-playing the all-female institution will always appear freakish and is probably a 'one-off'.

Moonlight Becomes You...

Most were-creatures are depicted as male because no female is capable of the bestiality which lies dormant in the psyches of some men. The most suitable creatures for the female lycanthrope are those species in which the female is physically and socially dominant: felines, arachnids, etc.

Begone Foul Dwimmerlaik...

The Heroine is among the finest of creatures. Her mettle is as great as any man's, being often hidden until it emerges surprisingly where least expected. She occurs more frequently than the female villain because fair deeds are closer to the female soul than foul. In role-playing, as in fantasy-gaming, the heroine is distinguished by her wilful confrontation with danger and by the perils that her adventures bring (Eowyn in *Lord of the Rings*). A feature of Real Life heroines is the courage and strength of character they display in critical situations, eg Grace Darling, or Florence Nightingale.

Isn't She Love...

The Female Adventurer is coming into her own at last. After centuries of denial in a male-dominated society the adventuress is now a credible character. She can do anything a man can do and challenges men in their own areas of achievement, for example exploration, mountaineering. In realistic role-playing the liberated adventuress is a feature of the 19th Century onwards, probably finding total liberation sometime in the future. In fantasy-gaming she has the advantage of complete suffrage, even in a pseudo-medieval society (unless that society happens to be historically accurate).

The natural role of Woman is home-making, child-bearing, and nursing (somebody has to look after the children). The natural role of Man is hunting, providing, and protecting. The common denominator is survival of the species through mutual support. Sex is a serious subject: in role-playing and fantasy-gaming, as in Life, the accent should be on sincerity, tenderness, and humour.

Erica Lidman

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away fighting, who is in charge of the castle? Very often his wife. In an era in which rank and the like were inherited, sex could be a less important characteristic than birth. Women could and did inherit castles, and held them on the same terms as men.

The other well-known woman leader is Boudica, the wife of the Icenian chieftain Prasutagus. When he died in 61 AD, he bequeathed his property jointly to his two daughters and to the Roman Emporer Nero. This flattery seems to have been an attempt to ensure that the tribe retained some autonomy, and his family some of its wealth. Nero, as was his habit, decided that he was insulted by this 'meanness', and his underlings in Britain were ordered to seize Prasutugus' property and annex the kingdom. This they did with sadistic relish, and the injured Boudica led a revolt which nearly drove the Romans into the sea.

The Celts worshipped battle goddesses, and Tacitus states that 'the Britons do not distinguish between the sexes when it comes to military command'. Besides Boudica, other women leaders of the Celts are known; some years earlier, the overall ruler of the confederation of northern English tribes known as Brigantes was a woman, Cartimandua.

In a later era, the Dark Ages, Aethelflaed, Lady of Mercia, was one of the most powerful people in England prior to her death in 918 AD. She led warriors against the Viking invaders, and built fortresses against them. The Vikings of Jorvik (York) eventually pledged alleigance to her. The records of her actions in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle are accompanied by little astonishment at her achievments, but later Norman writers expressed suprise at her 'unwomanly' activities.

In the Medieval era, on which much of roleplaying is supposedly based, are there any signs of women leaders? No prizes for guessing that the answer is yes. If I may be permitted to quote from a historical novel, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The White Company*: 'It was the age of martial women. The deeds of Black Agnes of Dunbar, of Lady Salisbury and the Countess of Montfort, were still fresh in the public mind. With such examples before them, the wives of the English captains had become as warlike as their mates, and ordered their their castles in their absence with the prudence and discipline of veteran seneschals'. Kathleen Casey, an academic writer, states that the examples of martial women are 'far too numerous to list'.

Black Agnes was left in 1338 to defend the fortress of Dunbar by her husband, the Earl of March. She personally presided over the resistance, and the English commander complained that came he early or came he late, Black Agnes was always at her gate. Similarly, Perrett de la Riviere held Roche-Guyon against the invading Henry V of England.

The English castle of Framlingham was held from 1336 to 1362 by Mary, Countess Marshal, widow of the late Earl. In 1375, the castle came to Margaret, styled Countess of Norfolk and Countess Marshal. Chepstow Castle was held from 1245 to 1248 by Maud Marshal, after the deaths of her brothers.

In the Scottish Wars of Independence, Christian Bruce defended Kildrummy Castle against David of Strathbogie; soon afterwards, David's widow was left to defend Lochinorb against the Scots.

During the Rennaissance, women leaders still occurred: in Italy in 1484, Catarina Sforza led a successful cavalry charge while 7 months pregnant. In the English Civil War, Lady Bankes held Corfe Castle for 3 years against the Parliamentarians.

Nor were women leaders restricted to Europe. Many women leaders are known in African history. Because of the nature of the records, most of these were war leaders against the colonial powers: Amina of Hausland, Nzinga of Angola, Mmanthatisi of the Sotho, Yaa Asantwa of Asante, Nehanda of Zimbabwe, the list could go on. Elsewhere in the world, women warriors and leaders were also known, and there are few eras of history in which they do not appear.

Why should it be different in roleplaying games?

Alison Brooks

Illuminations

The Birth of a Cover -*Stormbringer* by Peter Jones

A leading SF artist of the 70s, *Peter Jones* has remained one of the UK's best commercial artists with his involvement in the fantasy field. His images dominate the paperback shelves, and of late he has also produced much of the artwork for *Fighting Fantasy* and games.

After his superb cover for *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*

boardgame, Games Workshop commissioned Peter to work on the cover for *Stormbringer*. This Chaosium roleplaying game is based on Michael Moorcock's Elric novels. Peter's strong design sense and dramatic choice of colours have combined to produce the definitive image of Elric, as the battle-crazed albino, dominated by his demon sword, Stormbringer...

The first stage of the painting was to decide on a suitable image for the game. In the end, a Melnibonéan cavalry charge, led by Elric himself, into the ranks of the Pan Tang army was chosen, with Elric himself - of course - as the central feature of the painting. Material on Elric had to be collated from any references in the game and the original source, Moorcock's books. Elric as portrayed by other artists and concept sketches from Citadel designers (who will be making figures to go with the game) were also added to the file.

All this material was then sent to Peter, who produced a rough version for GW. He chose to portray Elric and his charger leaping straight out at the viewer. The tonal qualities of the picture were also considered and, given that Elric is an albino with a penchant for black armour, Peter decided to restrict the colours of the painting around black, white and red with some yellow. The main areas of shade and light were concentrated around Elric's head and this, combined with the dramatic pose, would draw the eye to the figure and up to the logo.

The painting was completed on emulsion primed hardboard, lightly dusted with fine plaster when wet and sealed with an oil wash. Completed in two weeks, the finished work measured 430mm x 600mm. It was executed in a mixture of alternating layers of acrylic and oil, lightly airbrushed in places. During the final painting, Peter sent daily Polaroids of the painting to ensure that details of the armour kept to the original concept.

The finished artwork is the end of one story, but it is the beginning of another: that of the design process that turns it into a cover for a game. Explaining that lot would need at least another *Illuminations*...

John Blanche

THE LEY OF THE LAND

An Investigation of Ancient Monuments

by Graham Staplehurst

Ley-lines: mystic power sources criss-crossing the country or just so much codswallop? For some time, people have been putting forward theories about the origin and use of many of our ancient monuments, citing all manner of evidence, though little demonstrable fact has emerged. Let's loosen our minds and speculate a while on the nature of stone circles, megaliths and barrow-mounds, and how they have been used in fantasy literature. After all, they are surely one of the most potent images in the realm of fantasy, with a dweomer of arcane magic and sinister, even malevolent, spiritual power.

I have already divided the sorts of monuments left behind to puzzle us into three categories: stone circles or rings, including henges; megaliths, also called monoliths or standing stones; and barrow-mounds, variously named and also including cromlechs, dolmens and cairns. I shall look at each of these in turn, but first let us also turn our attention to the three 'times' at which such monuments can be introduced into a roleplaying game. These times are not necessarily exclusive of one another, and are more a function of the perceptions of the local inhabitants and how they react to the feature concerned.

The first 'time' is the construction phase, when the monuments were built, and the local people knew what they were used for. During the Bronze Age in Britain, barrow-mounds were constructed for the burial of dead chieftains and other important people in their clan-based society. These tombs were in use over a long time-span: some, it is estimated, for nearly a thousand years. The local folk would know this and would respect the barrow as a house of the dead in the same way we respect graveyards and mausoleums; the barrow was not a fearful place intrinsically. In the same way, perhaps, henges and stone circles were used as crude indicators of the phases of the heavens, or more likely as gathering points for meetings and rituals. Other uses to which such places were put, even if mystical or magical, were no more alarming than the people that practised there.

The second 'time' is equivalent to the Medieval period. By this time, the monuments have fallen out of regular use and have acquired a superficial veneer of mysticism. Many become associated with new myths and legends, especially when new religious faiths arrive in an area and explain them away with their own creation myths. Mounds become the homes of the little people, or the tombs of sleeping knights who will one day rise up to save the country from attack. Stones are men turned to stone after suffering some curse; rings and circles are the work of demons or giants. Although the use of the monuments has fallen out of general knowledge, there may still be a few initiates into their secrets. Additionally, new powers may be attributed to them, associated with the influences of the new gods. Sometimes the monuments are incorporated more wholeheartedly into the new culture, producing a fusion of ideas and uses.

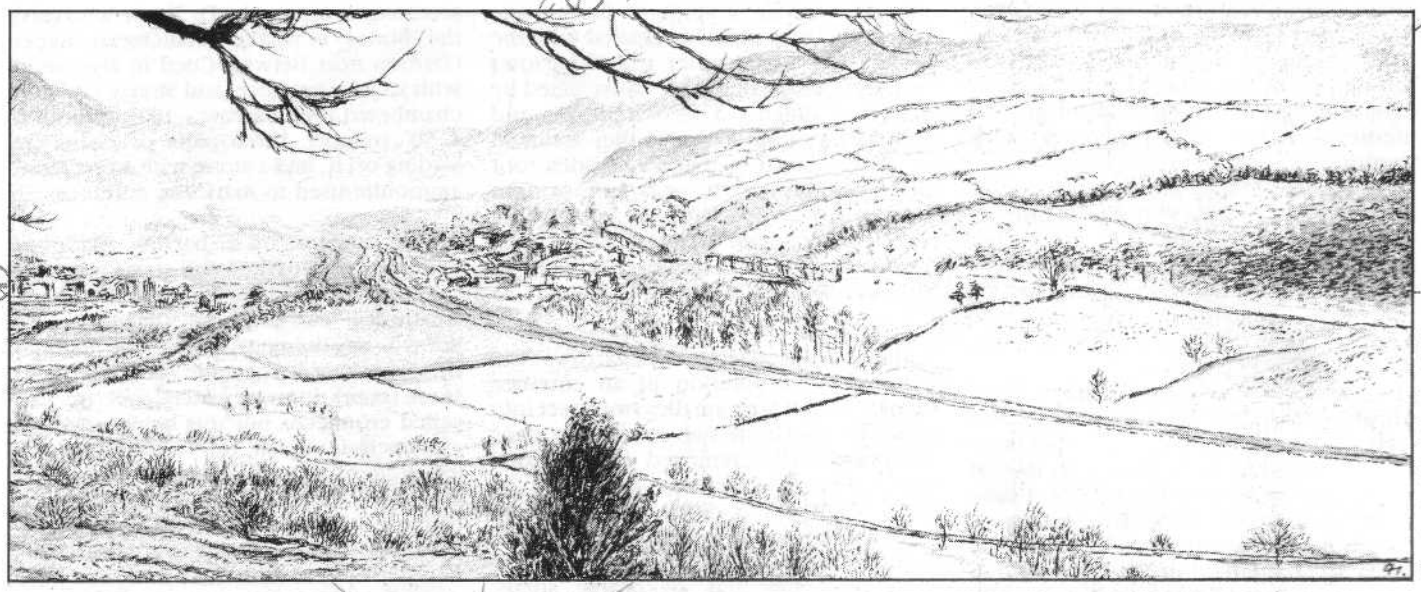
The third 'time' is Now, the Modern Age. With the degeneration of all faiths and the abandonment of 'real' religious and magical practises, the monuments start to lose their aura and power and revert to simple stones and mounds about which cute tales are told. A few unhappy individuals, rebelling against the soullessness of the Modern Age, or perhaps just obsessed with their own ideas of History, start societies to recreate what they imagine earlier cultures did at these sites. Strange groups of bankers, teachers, drop-outs and writers don robes and prance about pretending to be 'druids' or 'witches'. Surely, after all this time, there is no-one left who truly remembers the proper use to which the stones are to be put...

Adventures On Ancient Sites

Using these ideas, I'm sure that adventures and encounters are already buzzing around your mind. There are few roleplaying games which do not fall into one of these 'times' (some incorporating more than one), and examples of the exciting use to which ancient monuments have been put can be found in media ranging from *Doctor Who* with the Ogri and, worse, the Daemons, to *The Lord of the Rings* with the Barrow-downs, the Black Stone of Erech and even the innocuous Three-farthing Stone at the heart of the Shire.

Adventures involving the first 'time' are suited to games like *RuneQuest* and *MERP*, in regions with a more primitive culture, or where a 'primitive' system of belief has continued to the present day (whatever that may mean in the context of the game). Tribes, such as the Woses in Tolkien, have notable connections with the power of stone; and there may also be residents in the far east and south who still follow faiths descended from those that persuaded men of the Second Age to entomb their dead on the Barrow-downs of Cardolan in Eriador. In *Warhammer*, there are the practises of the Old Faith (discussed more fully below). Adventures using these ideas can also be suited to SF roleplaying games such as *Traveller*, where adventurers touching down on a backward planet might find all manner of strange beliefs connected with simple constructions. A significant part of the adventure might be the ideological conflict between the ancient culture and the spacefarers.

The second 'time' will probably be the setting most appropriate for most fantasy rolegames, particularly *Warhammer*, *Dungeons & Dragons* and *MERP*. Where a newer culture overlays an older one - but has not totally replaced it or forgotten all its lore - relics of the former age and its inhabitants may be excellent bases for



Illustrated by Martin McKenna

adventures. Typically, these might be raids and looting expeditions, although there might be a desire to either tap some 'power' extant in the monument for the benefit of the characters or their allies, or to destroy a malefic power centred on the monument. Perhaps the former dwellers in a burial mound walk again as wights and wraiths; or a sect of evil druid-sorcerers have been performing unspeakable rites on the altar stone of a circle...

And speaking of unspeakable rites - there are the Modern Day roleplaying games, foremost among which is *Call of Cthulhu*. This game of evil spirits and forces, arcane magick and hidden mysteries thrives upon the idea of untold connections between the worship of our ancestors and the Gods Outside. Perhaps some of these enigmatic monuments come from a greater antiquity than any dare to imagine, erected by nonhuman races not wholly extinct, but lingering in forgotten corners of the world. Who knows what might then become of the 'innocent' archaeologist or play-acting coven member disturbing the stones? What lies buried beneath the monoliths of the moors and mountains? Similar scenarios of doom being invoked by the accidental actions of others are also suitable to superhero roleplaying, where even more fun can be had with massive energy vortices, slumbering beasts of enormous size and so on.

Stone Circles

There are many varieties of stone circles and avenues. Groups of standing stones can be large or small, complex or simple. Here are some examples of the forms commonly found in Britain and continental Europe.

Most stone rings are located in open, prominent positions. They were erected 5,000 to 2,000 years ago and their builders put a lot of effort into their construction. This effort was worthwhile; for the tribe that built a circle, it must have been quite a status symbol. The type of rock used was important, and it is thought that quartz and quartz-bearing rocks (such as granites) were often chosen for their supposedly magical properties - or because they weathered well. Many rings are not true circles, but rather oval or horseshoe-shaped; they usually contain perhaps six to twenty stones, roughly shaped. Some may have altar stones at the centre or where an avenue or line of stones joins the circle.

The stones themselves may be of different shapes and sizes. Not all stone circles are formed from standing stones: there are many in north-east Scotland with 'recumbent' stones, lying on their sides. Sometimes there may be a cairn or small mound of stones, often pyramid-shaped. The actual shape of the stones seems to matter in some rings. In the southern avenue of Avebury in Wiltshire, pillar-shaped stones alternate with ones carved into a diamond-shape, said to represent the male and female principles. Another rare but distinctive feature are trilithons (Greek: three-stones). These arches of stone are formed by two uprights with tenons (projections) holding the mortises on the underside of a lintel-stone.

The environs of the stone circle may also be notable. Many are raised above the surrounding ground on artificial platforms or mounds, and this is sometimes expanded into a bank and ditch. Circles of this type are known as 'henges', and also include rings encircled by a fence of wooden posts. Although such fences were not strictly speaking defensive in nature, they served as a barrier to the uninitiated. The most impressive stone circle in Europe, Stonehenge, falls into this category, with its 4 ton bluestones transported hundreds of miles from west Wales and 26 ton sarsen stones raised into trilithons. The connection between this monument and the true Celtic Druids is entirely mythical; the modern Druids were started in 1833 and have since propagated the ideas of rituals and bloody sacrifices, when (as far as can be gathered) the true Druids were more interested in woodlands and groves. The first Stonehenge dates back to c2800bc and consisted of a bank and ditch, a ring of 56 pits and just one stone, the Heel Stone.

Other important circles include Avebury, Arbor Low in Derbyshire, Long Meg and Her Daughters in Cumbria and the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire. These last two are both examples of the common myth connected with standing stones and circles; that they are people turned to stone. The former were a coven of witches ossified by a saint; the latter, now including the King Stone, the King's Men and the Whispering Knights, are all said to have fallen foul of a witch themselves. Other strange tales are connected with circles - in particular the three-ring monument on Bodmin Moor in Cornwall. Of the Hurlers it is said 'A redoubled numbering never eveneth with the first' (Richard Carew, 1602), and even today no-one knows exactly how many stones there are. This idea makes an excellent setting for an adventure using the stones as 'something else' - perhaps even monsters themselves!

Standing Stones

Megaliths (Latin: big stone) or monoliths (Latin: single stone) have also been built for a variety of reasons, and in a variety of forms. Many that can be seen today are not really standing stones erected by pre-Roman cultures but the remains of tall crosses erected by the Celts and Saxons. Unfortunately, the arms and heads of such monuments are easily dislodged. Commonly these stones are up to 25' or 30' high, and usually fashioned into a column or a large rectangular block lying on its side. Some are simply the natural deposits of the last Ice Age, boulders left stranded by melting, retreating glaciers. Later connections with an event or a person are handed down in folklore as tales of their erection.

Some of the most interesting stones are shaped in special ways. Often they are said to bear a similarity to the shape of a landmark on the horizon. Perhaps these were used as indicators for astronomical or navigational purposes, showing where the

moon rose on important days of the year, or the safe way across a pass. There are also many examples of stones with holes through them (such as the Bole Stone at Crouse in Scotland). These were used in medieval times in connection with 'fertility' and 'birth' rites: lovers would clasp hands through them and exchange marriage vows; babies were passed through them to ensure good health; and barren women would visit them. Such stones also had curious traditions as to how the hole was made: one in Wales was pierced by a a mighty spear thrown by a jealous lover.

A few stones have special connections to people. This might be a tradition that a chieftain, king or priest used a certain stone at his inauguration, a good example of which can be seen at Dunadd Fort near Lochgilphead in Scotland, where a footprint was carved in the rock for the kings of Dalriada. Another 'dedicated' stone is the Broad Stone near Tidenham in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Severn. It marks the site of a Celtic evangelist's landing and a sermon in memory of St Cyndir of Winforton is preached from the rock each Michaelmas. This unusual stone is actually just one of many cases where Christianity has taken over the monuments and practises of former times. Another is the Rudstone monolith to be found in Rudston churchyard, Britain's tallest standing stone. Like many others, it has been explained away by the Church in earlier days as being a missile hurled by the Devil which missed its intended target.

A more common explanation of the siting of stones is that they may have been used as landmarks. Such stones could be seen in their prominent positions from long distances and perhaps also served as meeting-places and boundary markers. Close to Harlech in Gwynedd is the Carreg standing stone, one of thirteen similar stones which are thought to have marked a safe route across the mountainous countryside from Llanbedr to Moel Goedog. Modern beliefs also hold to the idea that standing stones formed an important element in the construction of pointers to leys. These are discussed below.

Barrow Mounds

Tumps, tumuli, barrow-mounds, call them what you will. The raised mounds of earth concealing the burial places of our ancient ancestors within rock-slabbed tombs are perhaps the most fascinating monuments for adventurers to explore. Elsewhere in the world, monuments to the dead far more impressive may be found: the Pyramids of Egypt, the Wats of Cambodia, the mausoleums of Chinese and Indian emperors. But these places do not have the simple mystery and dangerous charm of an English long barrow; something homely by day and sinister by night.

Such mounds usually contain one or more chambers used in the interment of an important leader of Stone or Bronze Age folk. Long barrows are associated with the earlier time and smaller round barrows with the latter. They were constructed by means of digging a trench or pit and tipping the stones into it so they assumed an upright position. Then a wooden roof might be built over it, or large capstones somehow rolled on top of the 'walls'. Sometimes it is hard to imagine these feats: the capstone of Ligwy cromlech in Anglesey weighs 28 tons.

More advanced features of barrows start with the incorporation of an entrance tunnel, walled with smaller stones set into earth. A large stone slab served as a door which could be removed (with effort) when there was another person to be buried. Often the dead were cremated before burial, and gifts were left with them, such as food and drink, weapons to hunt with, and offerings of beads, shells, beakers, jewels or finely crafted items. Less ancient monuments, such as the burial mounds of Saxon times, contain even greater treasures; relics of gold and silver. Because of the need to protect the graves from robbers and desecrators, they were built as solidly as possible, and some had false entrances, such as a passage leading down to a blind chamber where the actual burial cist was reached via a concealed side passage. The tombs could be sealed with great slabs or rubble, or both, in an attempt to keep out intruders. Sometimes a barrow could be sealed and yet still be in use: a hole would be pierced through the blocking stones to insert new remains and offerings. By making sure that these led to inaccessible pits within the mound, the users knew that those resting could do so in peace.

However, some of the holes and gaps left in the entranceways of barrows were more significant and had a mystical purpose. It has been shown for several tombs left mostly undisturbed until today that on certain days of the year the sun or moon rising throws a beam of light down through the hole onto an altar or, as in the case at Newgrange, a basin holding the remains of the dead. Newgrange is a passage tomb in the barrow cemetery of the Bend of the Boyne, in County Meath, Ireland. A similar construction can be found at the Maes Howe tomb on Orkney. These remarkable feats of astronomical engineering (the accuracy of Newgrange is such that the light enters only on the winter solstice and is carried down 80 feet to the basin), added to the splendid artistry of the decorations embellishing many barrow mounds and the effort needed to transport and raise such huge blocks of stone, show that ancient cultures were quite sophisticated, even by our own standards.

Other notable sites of barrows include Bryn-Celli-Ddu, a chambered cairn on Anglesey built on top of a henge and still surrounded by a stone faced ditch; West Kennet long barrow, 320' long and 8' high with at least 46 burials (it is known that many more remains were removed in the seventeenth century by Dr Toope who used the bones to make medicines); Capel Garmon near Betws-y-Coed in Gwynedd with its false entrance; and Stoney Littleton chambered long barrow - 100' long with a 50' passage, three pairs of chambers leading off it, and a stone with a fine fossil ammonite used to mark the entrance.

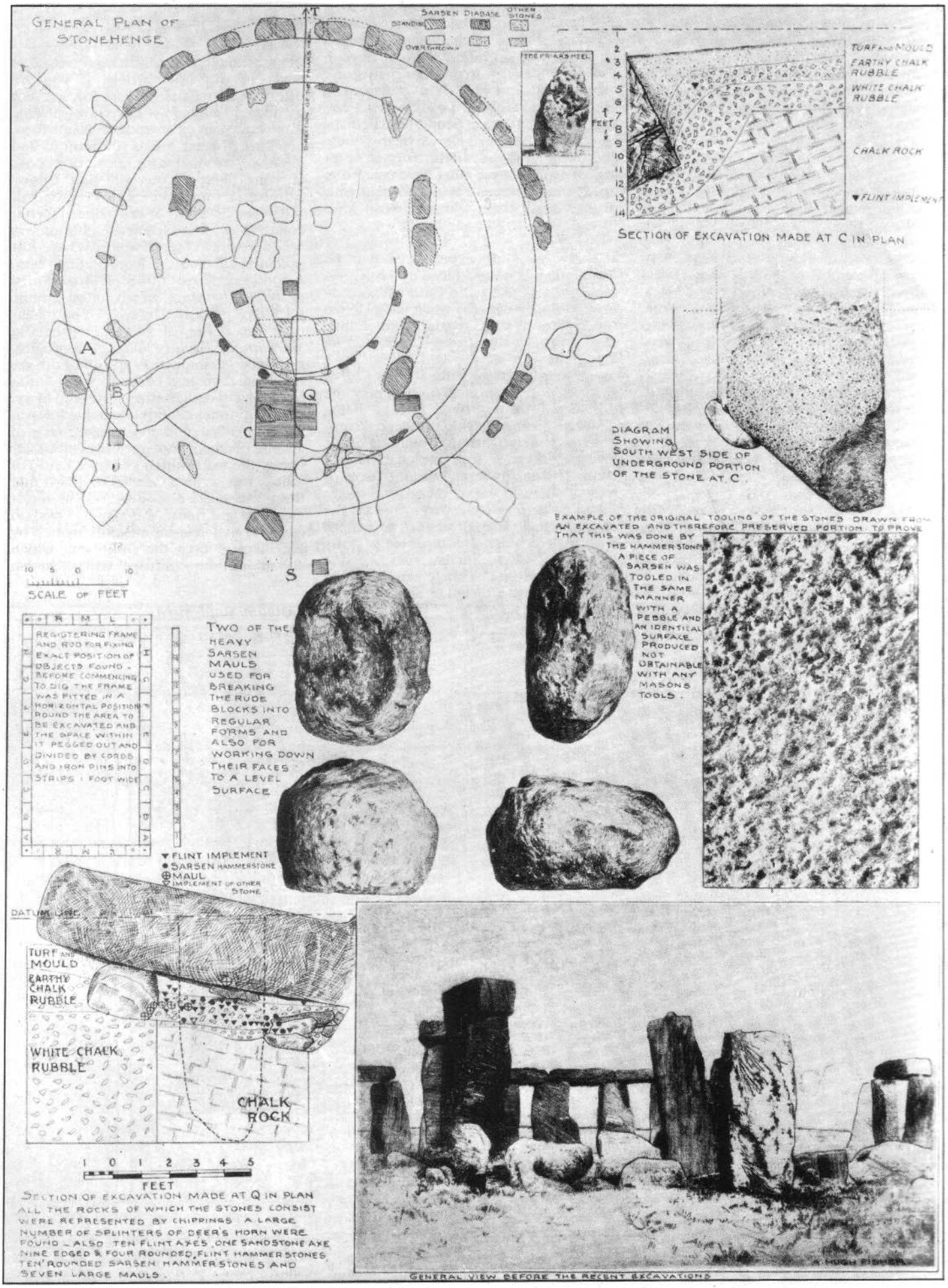
The remains of a barrow made as described above often still stand when all the earth heaped over the stones has been weathered away. These structures are known as dolmens, from the French Brettonic words for table (*dol, taol*) and stone (*men*). In some places they are also called cromlechs but this is incorrect, as cromlech is Welsh for 'circular stones' (*crom-llech*). Often a dolmen is surrounded by other, fallen stones, or has itself collapsed to form a cairn (Gaelic *carn*). Such sites can be mistaken for trilithons raised to appear as they do now, and have their own set of traditions and beliefs. Some of the best examples are: Pentre Ifan in Dyfed; Trevethy Quoit in Cornwall; and the Kilcooney More portal-tombs of County Donegal in Ireland. Some cairns, such as those at Nether Largie at Kilmartin in Scotland, were a stony equivalent of the barrow. Rocks were piled over a chambered structure rather than earth, and the bodies placed within cists or stones 'boxes'. Sometimes, as at Clava near Inverness, the cairns were ringed with standing stones.

False Monuments

It is not easy to distinguish true ancient monuments such as standing stones and barrow mounds in a landscape cluttered with natural features and other works of man. The habit that our ancestors had of making up spurious stories about such features obscures the truth even further. Where a ring of stones lies on the ground, as plain as the day, it is obviously a stone circle - or is it the remains of a primitive dwelling, a rude hut of cobbles and boulders let fall and decay slowly, half-covered by creeping earth? The large, circular mound rising from a flat field is no natural hill but a tumulus - unless, of course, it is one of the many hundreds of mottes raised by William the Conqueror, once surmounted by a wooden castle to pacify the English and provide a refuge for his hated Norman troops. The long, low barrow that locals will swear is a neolithic grave might actually be a 'pillow mound' or artificial rabbit warren. A cairn might be just the result of scree falling; a standing stone deposited by a glacier rather than savages pulling on ropes and rollers. For the canny GM, there are plenty of opportunities to confuse player characters and make them unsure!

Lines of Earthpower

Alignments of ancient sites are held by some to be the cunningly-hidden traces of a network of leys which once spanned the country (perhaps the whole world),


GENERAL PLAN OF STONEHENGE
SARSEN
DIABASE
OTHER STONES
STANDING
OVERTHROWN
DIRECTION OF THE PLANS
T
S
A
B
C
Q
STOE FRIAR'S HEEL
FEET
TURF AND MOULD
EARTHY CHALK RUBBLE
WHITE CHALK RUBBLE
CHALK ROCK
▼FLINT IMPLEMENT
SECTION OF EXCAVATION MADE AT C IN PLAN
DIAGRAM SHOWING SOUTH WEST SIDE OF UNDERGROUND PORTION OF THE STONE AT C.
EXAMPLE OF THE ORIGINAL TOOLING OF THE STONES DRAWN FROM AN EXCAVATED AND THEREFORE PRESERVED PORTION TO PROVE THAT THIS WAS DONE BY THE HAMMERSTONES
A PIECE OF SARSEN WAS TOOLED IN THE SAME MANNER WITH A PEBBLE AND AN IDENTICAL SURFACE PRODUCED NOT OBTAINABLE WITH ANY MASONS TOOLS.
10 5 0 10
SCALE OF FEET
REGISTERING FRAME AND ROD FOR FIXING EXACT POSITION OF OBJECTS FOUND. BEFORE COMMENCING TO DIG THE FRAME WAS FITTED IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION ROUND THE AREA TO BE EXCAVATED AND THE SPACE WITHIN IT PEGGED OUT AND DIVIDED BY CORDS AND IRON PINS INTO STRIPS 1 FOOT WIDE
TWO OF THE HEAVY SARSEN MAULS USED FOR BREAKING THE RUDE BLOCKS INTO REGULAR FORMS AND ALSO FOR WORKING DOWN THEIR FACES TO A LEVEL SURFACE
▼FLINT IMPLEMENT
●SARSEN HAMMERSTONE
⊕MAUL
IMPLEMENT OF OTHER STONE
DATUM LINE
TURF AND MOULD
EARTHY CHALK RUBBLE
WHITE CHALK RUBBLE
CHALK ROCK
1 0 1 2 3 4 5
FEET
SECTION OF EXCAVATION MADE AT Q IN PLAN
ALL THE ROCKS OF WHICH THE STONES CONSIST WERE REPRESENTED BY CHIPPINGS. A LARGE NUMBER OF SPLINTERS OF DEER'S HORN WERE FOUND – ALSO TEN FLINT AXES, ONE SANDSTONE AXE NINE EDGED & FOUR ROUNDED, FLINT HAMMERSTONES, TEN ROUNDED SARSEN HAMMERSTONES AND SEVEN LARGE MAULS.
GENERAL VIEW BEFORE THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS

providing earth energy paths. Those who believe in leys (not ley-lines, by the way) also believe the prehistoric inhabitants of this region were possessed of 'an innate sensitivity which enable them to be aware of the earth's natural energies and to manipulate these energies to their benefit' (Bord, 1986, p235).

What is a ley? To put it briefly, a ley is 'an alignment of ancient sites, such as hillforts, stone circles, standing stones, burial chambers and tumuli, churches on old sites, and other sites with ancient origins such as trackways, moats, cross-roads, holy wells' (Bord 1986, p236). They were first suggested by the researches of Alfred Watkins of Hereford (1855-1935 - note Cthulhuists) in 1925. Watkins saw the leys as ancient trackways, which also sighted along natural features. It has more recently been suggested that leys are not confined to Europe. In Peru they are known as ceques; forty-one of them radiate out from the Sun Temple in Cuzco across the countryside, their routes marked by huacas or holy shrines in the form of springs, hills, caves, bridges, houses, battlefields and tombs.

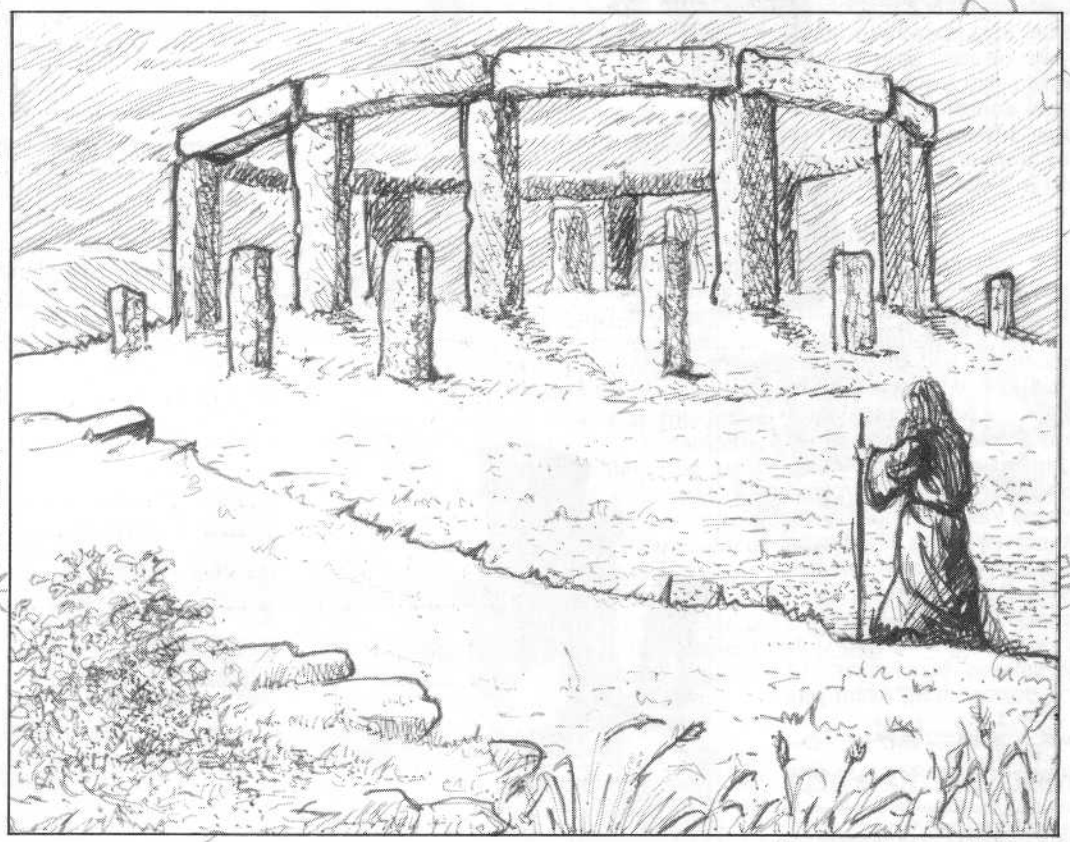
The nature of the energy channelled by leys is unknown, although it is postulated that it might be related to the earth's magnetic field. The use of quartz (-bearing) stones in many ancient constructions suggests the builders knew of its properties: producing a piezoelectric current under pressure, and vibrating rapidly in an electric field. The seriousness with which this study is taken is illustrated by the setting-up in 1978 of the Dragon Project at Rollright to monitor prehistoric structures and leys in the most sophisticated manner possible. That the energy is able to affect people (and perhaps be utilised by them) is shown by this quote (Bord 1986, p113): '...in the Norman crypt at Lastingham... we must have entered at just the right moment to catch a highpoint in the energy cycle, which caused a kind of explosion inside our heads.'

These sorts of experiences can be intriguing when introduced into roleplaying games. *WFRP's* Old Faith has already been equipped with the wherewithal to tap the Earthpower and regain magic points, and to protect the scared sites which lie along the leys of the Old World. In a 'modern' roleplaying game such as *Call of Cthulhu* or *Doctor Who*, it may be discovered that the energy lines are being drained by something old by our standards, but which arrived after the building of the ley-sites and took over the channels for itself. The energy brought to the focus of leys could also serve to protect them, fuelling the 'magic' needed to sustain the various curses and threats not to tamper with the place that accompanies so many of the legends of ancient sites. Anyone disturbing a stone or circle may suddenly find themselves afflicted by anything from ill-fortune to warts!

Conclusions

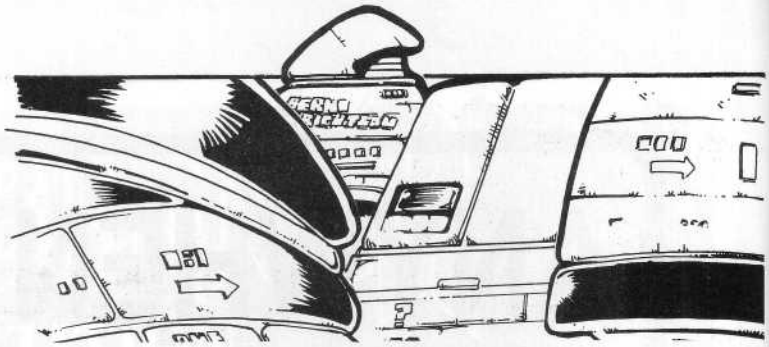
There is much that I have been unable to cover in this brief article. If you are interested in using some ancient monuments more fully in your roleplaying game campaign or adventures, I hope these notes are of some use. If you want to find out more, try looking for one or two books at your library; you will find Dewey (reference number 936.1) helpful. Whatever the truth of the matter when it comes to leys and ancient sites, I think you will agree that there are many ideas for potential adventures incorporating them. A good example of this is *Haunted Ruins of the Dunlendings*, an adventure module for *MERP* published by ICE. Of particular note also is the use of these settings in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* campaigns. Not only worshippers of the Old Faith are involved: there may be lonely trilithons in bleak places dedicated as shrines to Morr; standing stones engraved and wreathed in honour of Taal; and, most dangerously of all, the corruption of such sites and their use by the worshippers of Chaos Gods, of whom it is written (see WFRP p195) that 'they use makeshift sites such as forest clearings and ruins.' You may also wish to have very ancient monuments erected by the Elves or even the Old Slann, which should not be confused with Mannish ones.

Graham Staplehurst



Illustrated by Tony Ackland

Tales From MEGA CITY 1



Adventure Outlines for the *Judge Dredd Roleplaying Game*

by Hugh Tynan

One of the most interesting jobs for the *Judge Dredd RPG* GM is to come up with new adventures. Obviously, *2000AD* is always going to be your best source for ideas, but the following are some additional suggestions and outlines for simple *Judge Dredd* scenarios. They can be dropped into any campaign, at any point, without disrupting it, and are great fun to play. Be warned, the way I play it, Mega-City One is a **crazy** place, and the ideas that follow reflect this fairly, er, realistically.

CADET IN CONTROL

In their thirteenth year, Cadets in the Academy Of Law undergo a practical assessment to determine their fitness to continue cadetship. The assessment takes the form of an On-Street-Investigation in which the cadet directs the actions of senior Judges, via a camera hook-up. Sometimes one very senior Judge is used - Dredd himself even has to put up with it - but on other occasions a group of less remarkable Judges is under the cadet's control. This adventure is based on that scenario: the player characters are being used to test a cadet's knowledge of street procedure. During the test a Spy-In-The-Sky camera follows the Judges around; it is specially fitted with a microphone, and sounds and pictures are transmitted back to the cadet, who then tells the Judges vocally what to do, addressing them individually or as a group.

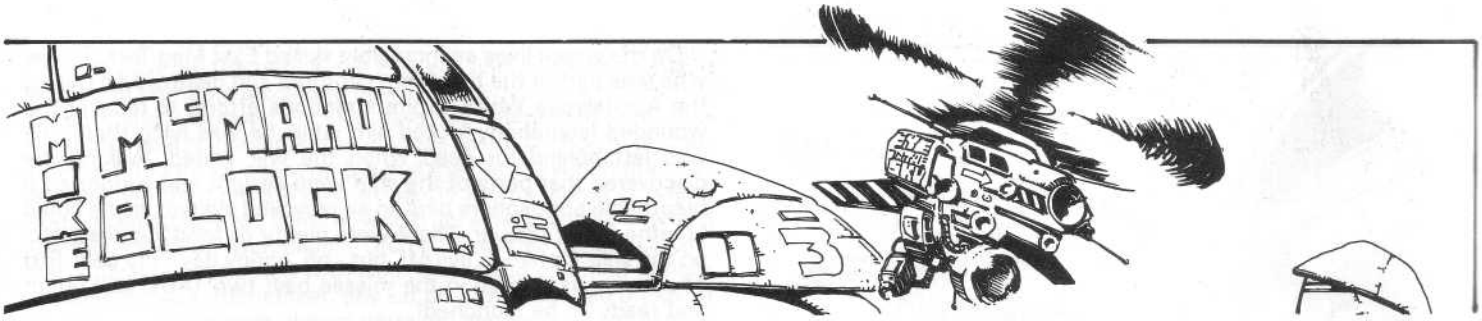
The PCs are informed of all this in the morning, and are filled in on what exactly to do. They are also told a little about the cadets who are 'directing' them; there are two. The first, Koskin, is expected to be a little nervous, as this is his third attempt at the assessment. 'Just be patient,' says the Judge running the briefing. 'Don't let yourselves get flustered, and there's no way we'll have a repeat of the silly accidents that ruined his last two attempts.' Other senior Judges present shake their heads sadly, and the PCs will hear them mutter about 'poor old McEnroe'. In the brief time they have, all the PCs will be able to discover is that Judge McEnroe suffered from a 'terminal shortage of confidence' when sent in to deal with the Flamethrower gang at the refinery...

The other cadet, Dried, is respected by his tutors and referred to as 'dedicated'. This time the PCs will feel their colleagues find the situation more amusing. One of the briefers will let slip the word 'zealous' - Dried is a man who doesn't let go.

The test begins. Koskin, the first up, soon has the Judges helping OACs across the road and checking parking meters to see if the time paid for has expired! Later he tells them to question witnesses to incidents which they all saw in full; take the registration number of a bank-heister's van when it is only twenty metres away, easily within shooting range; and call an H-Wagon to get a Robo-Cat out of a tree. He lets a juve scrawler go free because he said he was sorry, and when the Judges are asked to help free a fatty stuck in a door, he suggests tying one end of a rope onto the back of a Lawmaster and the other end around the unfortunate citizens neck!!! Finally, another citizen asks the Judges what kind of weather the sector can expect in the evening and he tells the Judges to radio Weather Control via MAC and find out. When the first attempt to get through on the radio fails, Koskin says 'Hold on... I'll, er, go and find out myself'. The Judges then hear the sound of running feet moving away from the cadet's microphone and a door closing. Koskin doesn't return, and the Judges will have to fail him.

Cadet Dried is late for his test, but the tutors eventually find him down at the shooting range blowing synthiboard targets to pieces with High Explosive bullets. Senior Judges will pass this onto the PCs with glee.

Illustrated by Carl Critchlow



As soon as he assumes control, Dried is on the ball. He sees a man spit on the pedway, and the first thing the Judges hear from the Spy In the Sky is: 'You men - quick - the perp on the corner! Get a Lawgiver against his head!' Even though they may not know what is going on, the PCs ought to comply. Dried isn't going to waste time dealing through middle men, however, and he runs the interrogation himself.

'Good. Now creep, we're gonna play a little game. It's like twenty questions, except I ask as many questions as I Gruddman feel like, and if you give the wrong answer you get a General Purpose bullet in your stinkin' head. Ready?'

He then goes on to scream ridiculous questions at the perp. Was it the East Meggers who put him up to spitting? Was he ever in the Cursed Earth before (implying that he is about to be exiled from the city!)? At one stage, he says to the PCs: 'Hold on for a second while I wipe this foam from my mouth.'

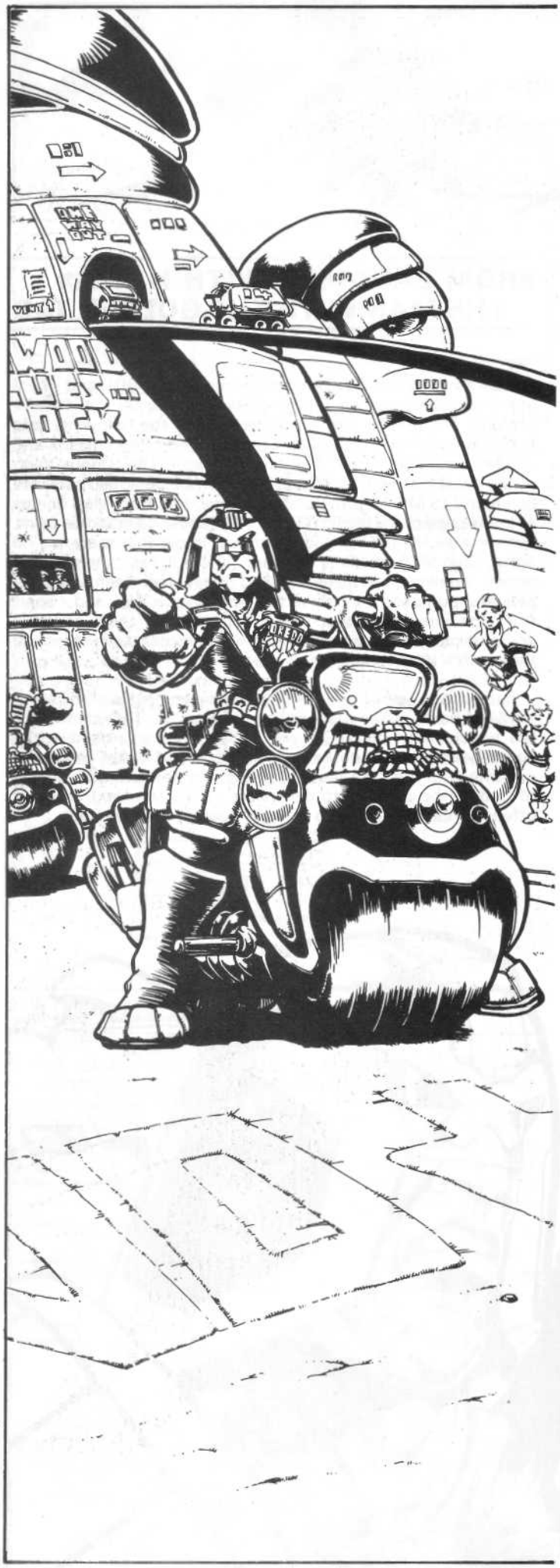
This is just the beginning. Later, during a demonstration, the Judges arrest a demagogue who was trying to get the crowd to take off all their clothes outside the Sector House. Dried warns him that 'Any trousers that get taken down will be used against you'. When the citizen laughs, he tells a PC to 'slap him about a bit'! As the day goes on, he tells the Judges to shoot at a leaper with High Explosive before he hits the ground: 'Don't let the sucker mess up the pavement.' Finally he tries to get the squad leader to walk, unarmed, into a house where a futsie with a stub gun is waiting, so that the futsie won't carry out his threat of destroying the vidphone (which is on loan and City Property).

Even if the PCs haven't had enough, Dried's tutors decide they have, and drag him away from the console. The Judges are then asked if they would pass or fail him, and if they answer that he deserves to pass they will be lectured on the stupidity of passing people like him and also punished by being used as a puppet for two more Cadets the next day!

FROM EAST-MEG WITH HATE *or* THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TAD

A Total Annihilation Device crashes into Sector 301, and - by a one-in-a-million chance (or so everybody thinks) - it doesn't explode. The reason why is revealed when the following note is discovered in the warhead: 'Stinking Mega City citizens and Judges, your end is near! Prepare for death!' The curious thing is, the missile came from space; but there are no armed satellites belonging to MC-1 up there at this time, and East Meg denies all knowledge of the incident (healthy paranoia is OK at this point, but sensible Mega City Judges should know that there are no armed East Meg satellites up there either - in fact, there are no armed satellites up there at all!). Space has been used for peaceful purposes only since the Apocalypse War, and - apart from the wrecks of that war's battleships - there are only communication and exploratory, laboratory satellites in or around the earth's atmosphere.

But a clever Tech-Judge has developed a technique of following a trail of burnt space-fuel and is confident the TAD came from the wreck of an old MC-1 war cruiser that was used in the Apocalypse War. If another attack is planned by the person or persons who fired the first missile, it is imperative that a team of Judges be sent up to neutralise all the wrecked cruiser's offensive capabilities. The PCs (of course) are selected.



On the wreck lives an incredibly skilled East Meg Tech Judge, who was part of the team that captured and destroyed it during the Apocalypse War. Despite strenuous efforts to recover the wounded (somebody kicked him while he was lying there), he was left behind for dead when the war ended. Waking, he discovered that parts of the ship were airtight and supported a breathable atmosphere *plus* an air recycling system, so he could breathe freely forever. There were plenty of food supplies, etc, on the ship for him to live off, but - oh, happy day - the best find of all was discovered in the missile bay: two TADs, still intact and ready to be launched!

Further research showed that one of the TADs (the one he has not yet fired) was a big golden one with ten times the speed of any other; the Mega City Judges during the war thought that a missile with more driving power (such as this one) might be able to penetrate the Apocalypse Warp that prevented the destruction of East Meg One. It was never used, as Dredd eventually managed to turn the East Megger's missiles against the City (besides, to obtain the necessary speed for this Golden TAD, some of the explosive power had to be sacrificed, and it wouldn't have done as good a job as Dredd did in the end). Now, the Judge in the wreck knew that the war had been lost, but he wasn't the sort to let peace get in the way of some honest vengeance, and he realised that he could probably destroy a large part of the Mega City with the Golden TAD. So, he launched the other as a warning - making sure to remove the detonation charge first, of course.

He plans to launch the Golden TAD very soon, but what he doesn't know is that the part of the Mega City that he has the TAD aimed at doesn't exist any more (the south sectors which were destroyed in the Apocalypse War, and he is aiming roughly at where Florida used to be).

He will of course detect the PCs shuttle long before it arrives, but he cannot do anything about it until it reaches him, as none of the Warship's defence systems remain operational. He has, however, made extensive preparations for when they do arrive; being a Tech Judge, he has completely reprogrammed all the robots (of which there are over 50) on the ship to fight on his side, and riddled the corridors with all sorts of traps and pitfalls. In addition, a huge, powerful space monster has recently made its home in the wreck, and it will resent the PCs' intrusion into its privacy!

Hopefully, the PCs will eventually find the East Meg Judge in a locked control room from where he has been observing their progress (or some of it) through cameras hidden in the passageways and rooms. He will have the door booby-trapped and will kill himself rather than be captured, although he may elect to fight to the death, if possible. He will almost certainly launch the Golden TAD if the Judges look like reaching his hiding place, but - as it is aimed at the south sectors - not much damage will ensue from that, although it is an extremely undesirable thing to happen anyway. The scenario will probably end with the PCs breathing a sigh of relief when they return to earth to find Mega City One still intact (although it is possible that the Golden TAD may never have been fired at all; see below).

So that's the storyline, how about some details? Well here you go, spug, I'll try to cover most of what you'll need to know.

The PCs will be flown up to the satellite by another highly skilled (at piloting spacecraft) Judge. When they reach the wrecked battlecruiser, she will fly the shuttle into a docking bay (there is one that is still intact) and stay on board, keeping the engines warm in case the PCs need to make a quick getaway.

The first few yards of their journey will be in an airless vacuum *and* in zero gravity, so they will have to wear suits (which are provided, with spares in the shuttle). The shuttle also contains a Street Scanner and a machine for testing the air to see if it is breathable). Once through the airlock, they are in a breathable atmosphere with artificial gravity. There is, unfortunately, a welcoming committee of some modified Robodocs (all warships had to have plenty of medical back-up!) with Laser Rifles! There will be one Robodoc for each two Judges, with a minimum of one; their weapons are as normal but the East-Meg Judge has managed to raise their CS to 38.

Once past the Robodocs, the PCs will find themselves lost in a maze of corridors leading to now-useless gun turrets, external airlocks and destroyed docking bays. Somewhere in here is an elevator, which presents the Judges with a choice of four different floors (not counting the one they're on) which they can explore. On the first is a host of empty rooms, some of which support breathable air, some of which are airless, and all of which contain modified Demolition Droids, External Repair Droids, Servo-Droids, etc, armed with weak lasers and modified to fight reasonably well. Remember, any hit on a Spacesuited Judge in an airless environment almost certainly means death for him or her, so your Judges will probably want to leave this floor as soon as possible. In fact, the only thing of interest here is the Captain's Log and Computer Records of the battle in which the ship was destroyed - these are all in the bridge, along with plans of the whole ship (which would be useful).

On the next floor (which is completely airless), are the Crew Quarters and Officers' Messes, etc. The whole area is littered with corpses of people who died from asphyxiation and explosive decompression when a laser bolt burst through one small un-armoured spot, so it is quite a disturbing scene. There is nothing useful here - except the hole made by the laser bolt; PCs could use this to gain access to the outside of the ship, and there are a reasonable amount of hand holds on the surface which would make circumventing the ship fairly straightforward, should the PCs wish to try and find the East Meg Judge by looking in various portholes (or re-entering the ship through other holes made in the battle).

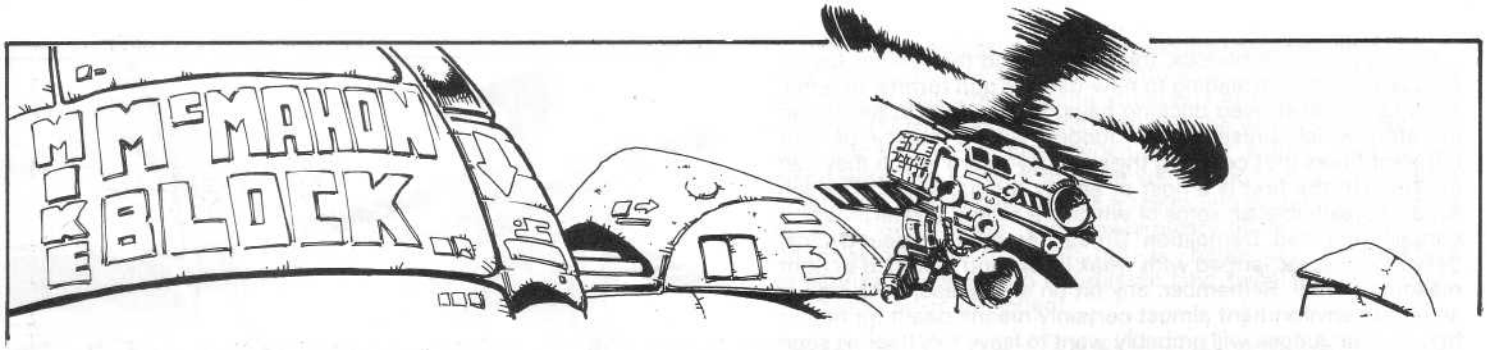
The next floor is the main Combat Control and Engine area, and it is in a small computer room here where the East Meg Judge will make his last stand. Using the computers, he will launch the Golden TAD when he hears the sound of battle outside his door - he has posted two Fighting/War Droids outside when taking over an enemy ship and attempting to board it, but in this case they failed to stop the East Meggers boarding their ship!

However, he may not be able to launch the Golden TAD if the PCs have already visited the last floor, which has just a few small storerooms and the missile bay. If they reach the bay, they will find it fairly simple to immobilise the TAD - at least temporarily; simply pushing it off the tracks that it slides along when launched would probably be adequate! However, it will not be that easy to get to it, as the Space Monster mentioned earlier is living nearby and must be passed to reach the bay. I suggest you just create a monster with a lot of tentacles and perhaps One Big Eye - but make sure he doesn't eat or kill *all* the PCs! You could always use something similar to the Netherworld Mega-pede.

But even before they reach the Space Monster's room, they will have to get past a locked door that works on the palmprint principle (see p38, *Judge's Manual*). A Judge with the appropriate Special Ability (see *You Can Do **What?*** in the forthcoming *Judge Dredd Companion*) will be able to open it, otherwise the PCs might try sticking their hand(s) in and hoping for the best, or blasting it down. If they try to open it the proper way - ie, by submitting their palms to be examined - an alarm will go off immediately, and this will be followed in D6 turns by 75% of the remaining robots. There were originally 53 of assorted types and sizes; you have been keeping track of how many the PCs destroyed before they reached here, haven't you?

A High Explosive bullet will get them through the door no problem, but the Judge who shoots must roll under one-tenth of his **TS** to stop the alarm going off, with results as described just above (if he makes the roll, he is presumed to have shot the door in a place where the alarm is ineffective... If the alarm does go off, the Judges will doubtlessly have to blast their way out of the wreck, get back to the docking bay where their fellow Judge waits in the shuttle, and start again!

This scenario works very well and, if the Golden TAD is launched (and it will be unless the Judges manage to do something spectacular before they confront the East Megger in his hidey hole), your Judges will certainly never forget their return to earth, wondering how much remains of Justice Central - and if the Chief Judge is still alive!



AN EXERCISE IN PUBLIC RELATIONS

This scenario takes place after a fairly major disaster or period of public unrest. You could, for example, use the last visit of the Dark Judges, although this is likely to be rather disruptive to the campaign. A better alternative is to have the Rad-Fleas infest a whole quarter of the city (not the quarter the PCs are in) or use some other disease. You get the idea.

Anyway, after this little problem has been resolved, there is much Public unease and a marked lack of faith in the Judges. Drok, haven't these citizens got no trust no more? There are demonstrations, protests, strikes, huge rumbles and the amount of Judge killings - or attempted Judge killings - rockets, knifes and stub guns up! You probably ought to have the PCs dodge a few inarticulate attempts to express grievances...

The Council of Five decide that something must be done to calm the citizens down. Riot foam? Nah... Forty days continuous rain? Maybe... Then, a Sector Chief comes up with the bright idea of having the boys in blue appearing frequently on the Vid, maybe even on a special Justice Department programme, *Crimewatch MC*, where people ask them questions about organisation, equipment, past cases, sentencing and all aspects of a Judge's life.

This idea is applauded; as well as cementing relations with the citizens the Judges were pledged to serve, it would also provide an ideal opportunity to feed the public false information should the need arise (there have been thousands of incidents in the past when such a facility could have proved extremely useful). The plans get grander; perhaps people would eventually get to look on the Judges as friends and help stamp out crime, and particular Judges could become 'personalities'... This could be the greatest thing for the Justice Department since the invention of the Manta Tank!

'Couldn't we just use them instead?'

'Thanks, Dredd, we'll keep you informed of our decision.'

The Judges get to work immediately. A new section of Justice Department is instigated - the PR Department - and arrangements are made for the first, experimental broadcast. It will take place in the PCs' sector (of course!) and a squad of intelligent, interesting Judges are needed to appear on it. So, when the usual witty comments the PCs make are aired during the next morning briefing (well, I know my players can't shuddup...), they 'volunteer'. They are told this is of the utmost importance... exercise in diplomacy.... why, there could be a rebellion any day.... that kind of boss-talk. And thus it comes to pass that the PCs are the first Judges featured as special Vid Guests.

I suggest you get a tape recorder with a condenser microphone and record the actual game while the Vid appearance is taking place. You can go back over it later, perhaps as the Chief Judge, giving the players grief about certain things their PCs said! Don't allow any 'I was only jokin', I didn't really say that' from your players. They have to do their utmost to roleplay their Judges exactly - no cursing, no unpleasant behaviour and lots of interesting conversation. If they perform well, the public response is good (and the crime wave subsides!), and they might even receive a commendation!

Plenty of other scenarios could spring from this one, especially if the Judges Vid-Show becomes an accepted fact of life in MC-1. For example, instead of people attacking the Judges, they might start pestering them for autographs! Citizens will want to be seen always to be trying to help the Judges, reporting imaginary crimes and making extravagant guesses that could confuse an investigation. All sorts of things are possible, right down to an attempted assassination in the Vid Studio! Or corrupt Judges becoming public heroes, even sex symbols! Life in the Mega City will never be the same again.

Suggested Questions:
Remember Judges are under no pressure to give truthful answers; in many cases, may be far better off lying.

How long have you been a Judge?
Do you enjoy it?
Have you ever been badly injured?
How many people have you killed?
Do you have any friends?
Have you ever experienced terror?
Have you ever had to arrest a fellow-Judge?
Do you ever feel any sympathy?
How is your life organised (sleeping, eating, etc)?
Was the Academy training hard? (Pretty dumb question, huh?)
Did you ever feel disenchanted and fed up with the whole thing?
Have you to answer to anybody for your actions?
Have you ever been in the Cursed Earth, or out in space?
Can you give us a rundown of a typical case, any average everyday incident that has happened to you?
How about something major? Some tough assignment?
Have you any funny stories?
Do you ever feel like 'kicking yourself'?
What would you sentence me to, if I, say, spat on the ground? Isn't that a bit much? Wouldn't you feel a bit guilty for giving me that?
Have you ever wounded or killed an innocent person?
Would you risk your life to save *anybody*, even a mutie or alien, or even a *perp* from crime?
What is the worst sentence you have ever given anyone?
You say you can't feel emotion. Does that include hate or disgust?

When writing adventures for your Judges, keep them clear and easy to follow, but add in any embellishments you like, including perhaps a few minor, trivial and completely unconnected incidents. Try to involve your players in a bit of excitement before the actual plotted storyline comes into play. And finally, don't miss any opportunities for adventure: you can manage all of this in *The Man With The Golden TAD*, for example, by having the Judges actually in Sector 301 when the first missile arrives...

Hugh Tynan

WHITE DWARF

Letters Page,
White Dwarf,
Enfield Chambers,
16/18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL

GAMES WORKSHOP

Well, here we are at another letters page. Let's start with one of the most crucial issues ever to divide the gaming hobby...

Adam Preston, Clevedon: Derek the Troll is not as good as Thrud or Gook, and I hope you don't drop either in favour of him.

Seems fair enough to me - what does anyone else think?

Peter Blanchard, Woking: I like Derek the Troll. I laughed at it, which is more than I've ever done reading Thrud and something Gobbledigook hasn't done to me in ages.

Ian Willingham, Moulton: I think I'd rather see a cartoon from a *Jackie* magazine.

There's a simple solution to that...

P Daniels, Kettering: Derek the Troll... is pathetic, and its rightful place is in the *Beano*, not in WD.

Jonathan Williams, Wimborne: I am one of a select bunch who like Derek the Troll. I think he is funny and a worthwhile addition to White Dwarf. And sometimes he is even better than Gook. So there!

J R Carter, St. Albans: Derek the Troll is pathetic!!

Two exclamation marks, eh? Strong stuff.

Peter Bousfield, Keighley: Derek the Troll struck me as being brilliant. The artwork is attractive, and he is basically very funny.

A passing maniac, Derby: Anywan hoo kan kall Derek the Troll anyfing but brill, hilarious and well drawn must bea half blind.

Hmm ... about an even split. Which, interestingly, is about the same reaction as Thrud and Gook got when they first started. By the way, there was never any intention of dropping Gook (or anything else) in favour of Derek - the two will just be alternating.

Sean Banforth, Gainsborough: Whether the people who wrote the letters against *PoF* steer clear of other forms of 'Commie-bashing' (films, books, computer games) is not known to me, but I doubt it! Another thing that puzzles me is whether these people roleplay other offensive acts in other games. Drug-running for patrons, Mutant Commie bashing, Dragon slaying, hack and slay, etc, etc.

*Would it be fair to say that **PoF**'s being set uncomfortably close to home in a possible near-future calls our own political prejudices into play? Is playing a redneck Rambo character in **PoF** any different from playing a character in any other rpg whose attitudes differ widely from your own? Any thoughts on that angle? It seems more fruitful than simply conducting arguments about American attitudes and foreign policy.*

Another debate crops up every once in a while:

Richard Adsmead, Stockport: Could we have letters other than whinging notes about chauvinistic attitudes that supposedly exist in every male roleplayer. Could the 'Voice of Doom' use her real name, or would that be too sexist?

John Hawkins, Honiton: Some advice on your 'Help' column. Due to the upsurge in 'man wants American woman' notices I suggest you start up a 'Lonely Hearts' column.

Well, it's not whinging, but it sounds sexist to me. John didn't actually use the term 'lonely hearts', but we know what he meant.

Malcolm Coles, Harpenden: Why did the woman on the cover of WD88 have so much armour on?

To stop the dragon slicing her to ribbons.

Mr C L Cresswell, Catford: Women aren't the only people being degraded by fantasy artists. Men have to put up with views of almost naked, heavily muscled, blade-wielding men who walk around killing all their enemies and raping hundreds of helpless women. I find this image of men disturbing.

I admit, though, that there is more exploitation of women than men but most RPGers are male and the fantasy artists are trying to make a living. I'm sure that if male players went into the minority there would be a rapid increase in degrading pictures of men.

An interesting view. I was told once that sexism, by definition, was only discrimination against women and not discrimination against men. Anybody else out there feel degraded by the image that fantasy presents of men as musclebound mindless hooligans? Over to the intellectuals for a final word on this topic:

Simon A Watts, Wigan: When will there be a *Mills & Boon* rpg - perhaps that would even it out a bit?

Yes, Simon, I'm sure it would. But onward, from sex discrimination to game discrimination:

Mike Reed, Hoo, Kent: Here's some free information. A review is not a means of showing what makes a game good and what makes it different. That is the job of an *advert*. Are you sure you aren't getting the two mixed up?

*I suppose this one will never be resolved. Saying nice things about GW products in GW's house magazine seems to be unforgivable in some eyes, even if you genuinely mean them. Shifting the point slightly, Niall Chetwood's plea in WD89 for more **AD&D** met with a more mixed reaction than I expected:*

Matthew Searle, Northwood: Over these past 9 or 10 years *AD&D* has had its fair share of WD space. But now GW has brought out a new game. One that beats the rest by miles. Long live *Warhammer* and let these hallowed pages of WD carry on publishing *Warhammer* material!

Thanks, Matthew - the cheque's in the post.

Joe Williams, Haddington: What is Niall Chetwood on about? OK, so *AD&D* is a popular game. Because of this, TSR have released millions of modules, supplements, etc. Isn't this enough for you?

James Glover, Isle of Lewis: I open my WD89 with more than a slight sense of anticipation, thinking 'There just has to be an *AD&D* adventure this month! After all, it is by far the most popular, most widespread and most developed rpg on the planet.' But what I get is Warhammer, Chainsaw Warrior, Warhammer, WFRP, Rogue Trooper, and Warhammer.

Don't forget the Warhammer.

Ramsay Knight, Lerwick: The recent polls *you* ran showed that AD&D is still the most popular rpg system. But *AD&D* has taken a proverbial back seat in your magazine.

Steve Dodds, Devizes: What about *AD&D, Traveller* and some of the not-so-populars - *Pendragon, Dr. Who, Bushido*, and *Legendes Celtiques* (ha! got you with that one).

Well, we've covered all of those in the last year, except ***Legendes Celtiques*** *- anybody else want material for that? Anybody writing it?*

And now something else. Like what is roleplaying and what isn't.

P.J. Brook-Woodcock, Manchester: I can say that, playing three different board wargames regularly, I have not slaughtered a single person in years. A few counters were removed from the board, a few were jumped on by depletion markers, and a few ran away from the enemy. 'All very well,' you might say, 'But it's what it represents that's important'.

What does wargaming represent? Any answer to that question lies firmly in the bounds of personal taste. At one extreme are people who want to bounce hardware around, going all out for a win, in some cases at the expense of historical accuracy and generally being a pain in the butt. On the other hand we have the historical simulationist who wants to create the horrors of war, the suffering, the heroics, not just shooting everything that moves.

Do these two types sound familiar? Roleplayers the world over have heard of both. The first is the Big Head - his plan is right, his Paladin has six 18s, those peasants don't matter, hack a way through them, and so on. Our second type is the realist rpger - why fight when you can talk your way out of a problem, play the role to the exclusion of everything else.

All wargamers and all roleplayers go for one thing - *fun*. If games weren't fun, nobody would play them. Whether the opponent is a GM and his NPCs or another regular player across the wargames board seems irrelevant.

P J went on to say a lot more about artificial divisions between roleplaying and wargaming, but I'm afraid that's all we have room for. What do you say? Is a wargamer roleplaying when he tries to think what Napoleon, Alexander or Rommel would have done in a certain situation? Is a roleplayer wargaming with a single character rather than a unit? Both types of game are simulations, so there are bound to be similarities. Why, then, the divisions and the bad feeling?

Richard Adsmead, Stockport: As a roleplayer and a wargamer I resent remarks widely used by both sides to insult each other. Roleplaying is not devil worshipping and wargaming is not wholesale slaughter. Gamers of both types should spend their time promoting the entire image of gaming instead of squabbling amongst themselves.

I couldn't agree more. And on the subject of devil worship, this rather disturbing note:

Simon A Watts, (a reprise): When will it get through to the media that we are not a bunch of Demonic Satanists! Recently, while at University (Manchester), I was asked to do an interview for a late-night prog. on Radio Manchester. The interview itself was OK-ish, but the announcer insisted that it was from/about Devil worshippers - before and after the article. This attitude has in the past caused some clubs around our area to lose premises - imagine a group of kids whose average age must have been about 13 being accused of being Satanists, and being kicked out of the local church hall where they had been playing quite happily for several months.

It just never seems to stop, does it? I suppose that people are always prepared to attack things they don't understand, because it involves less effort than finding out the truth. And, of course, a whiff of Satanism always makes a better story than any amount of charity marathons or what-have-you. Faced with this kind of attitude, which I'm afraid is not going to go away, it's up to us to try and present the best image we can of ourselves and our hobby, and to take the trouble to complain when we feel we have been slandered or misrepresented.

Back to what is and isn't roleplaying.

John Buckworth, Ware: I am writing to your rag in my capacity as Senior Aardvark of the East Herts branch of the 'Dressing Up And Waving Rubber Swords Around Association'. Frankly we are sick of the continuing association within your letters page of our organisation and the so-called 'Live-Action Role-Playing' element of the hobby. We have *no connection whatsoever* with these 'LRPGers', who in our opinion diffuse the tenets of Dressing Up And Waving Rubber Swords Around, corrupting our ideals with their heretical ideas of Taking It Seriously.

Well, that sounds like a perfectly reasonable position to me. Whether or not WD should cover LRPGs is another lively issue:

Chris Nix, Nottingham: Now, LRP, let's end the debate. I have nothing against them. WD is for 'sit around the table' (SATT) roleplayers. Let LRPers start their own magazine.

Ian Sturrock, Wirral: Your coverage of live role-playing has always left something to be desired, and now Mike Brunton makes an arbitrary decision that 'the two hobbies should be seen as separate entities'. The hobby encourages role-playing much more than any tabletop game does, so it is nonsense to separate LRPGs from role-playing. It's high time you sent a reporter along to see what these games are really like; in fact I think you should be reviewing them in Open Box. Certainly the majority of the letters appearing in WD on the subject have been pro-LRPGs, and in general the only people trying to promote a division between two slightly different forms of role-playing have been letters page editors.

Well, I don't agree with your last comment, Ian, but I don't suppose you expected me to. Certainly I would agree that LRPGs are as much roleplaying as SATT rpgs - although I've never played a LRPG, I came to role-playing via acting rather than wargaming, and that element has always interested me personally. But, I think that SATT gamers sometimes get fed up with people who aren't familiar with the hobby (or hobbies) concluding that all roleplayers dress up and wave rubber swords. I'm sure they get equally fed up when these uninformed people decide that people with rubber swords are frothing maniacs and extend this misconception to all roleplayers. It's akin to the devil-worship problem and the way outsiders see us. As for Open Box reviews of LRPGs, nobody's ever asked us to send a reviewer. I can't promise anything, but if we were to get an invitation or two, who knows?

On to yet another form of roleplaying:

Marcus Manilow, Leeds: I am a keen play-by-mail gamer, an elite group of postal role-players. Have you ever heard of us?

Rick Lockwood, Huddersfield: I've been reading the Dwarf since issue 15, and in all that time, have only ever seen one article and one small review of a game in one of the fastest-growing fields in gaming - Play by Mail. As the largest (and still the best) gaming magazine in Britain, I feel you should be giving at least some attention to it. Is it something to do with the fact that Games Workshop don't run a PBM of their own?

I don't know. Certainly I don't think there's any anti-PBM prejudice in GW - at least four people at the Design Studio alone (myself included) play PBMs - but there isn't an awful lot to write about them. Arguably they have their own hobby press in the form of their newsletters, and we don't hear from PBM referees wanting their games reviewed. Also, I'm afraid, the bulk of WD readers are SATT roleplayers (useful abbreviation, that), and given the choice of an article on PBMs (or LRPGs, for that matter) or, say, another adventure, would almost certainly go for the latter. Unless, of course, all you people out there know different...

And finally:

Marcus Rowland, London: Due to the strange activities of the White Dwarf editorial cock-up department, my recent article on Zombies lacked any references to the many sources used. My apologies to all those concerned. Also, *Do Troubleshooters Dream of Electronic Killer Sheep?* should have been subtitled 'With apologies to the late Phillip K. Dick'. I hope that these ommissions haven't spoiled anyone's enjoyment of the articles.

So do we, Marcus. One day we'll get things so spectacularly right that everyone will be happy.

Letters edited as reasonably as he knows how by ***Graeme Davis***

WE GOTTA TRAITOR TO FIND

New cards for the ROGUE TROOPER boardgame

by Graeme Davis and Jervis Johnson

Heads up, Troopers! This is an additional item to your mission briefing.

There are nine new cards for *Rogue Trooper*, the new boardgame by Games Workshop, on the back cover of this issue of *White Dwarf*. Simply cut out the **Rogue, Encounter** and **Supply** cards and shuffle them into the appropriate decks before starting play.

Detailed Briefing Now Follows

Dream Weavers

According to latest reports, Norty has developed a new psychogen gas, capable of penetrating the standard issue Souther chem-suit. Discharge apparatus is fitted to some Nort armoured units, and the gas causes wild hallucination and panic among conventional Souther personnel, breaking up infantry resistence to the armoured spearhead. Now you GIs don't need to worry about this - you're all engineered to resist the effects of chemical weapons, and although you may start to see things after a prolonged exposure, your engineering also stops you feeling fear. The Genies have been real good to you. However, any conventional personnel accompanying you when Dream Weavers attack will almost certainly panic and run off. Don't rely on their extra firepower.

Bland and Brass

Keep a look-out for these two jackals. They follow the battles right across the war zone, robbing the dead of both sides and making a killing selling off any useable equipment. They don't have much fight themselves, but they have a little posse of droids following them which can provide a respectable amount of firepower. You'd be doing everyone a favour if you wiped them out. On the other hand, they do have their uses - as well as equipment, they manage to pick up a fair amount of information, mainly by illicit monitoring of military transmissions from both sides. So they may be able to provide you with data which can help you in your mission - at a price.

Major Magnam

The good major is, like yourselves, a survivor of the Quartz Zone Massacre. Unlike you, however, he made his way back to Milli-com, and now he is back on Nu-Earth, hunting down and killing Rogue Troopers. Watch out for him, and remember - he's at least as good as you are.

Swamp Mutants

Nu-Earth is not quite dead. Some of its wildlife has managed to survive the nuclear, chemical and biological pounding that the planet has taken, and are busily carving out new ecological niches for themselves. And if you move into their ecological niche, they'll have a good go at carving you... Watch your back whenever you're in a Scum Swamp.

Colonel Casanova

We all know this crackpot. The commander of Rom Sector, Fort Neuropa, you may meet him in the war zone. Fort Neuropa, or Fort Neuro as it is sometimes called, has been in the front line for longer than anyone wants to remember, and most of the personnel of Rom Sector have gone combat-happy, spending most of their time arranging discos and chasing after the female personnel from Scan Sector, rather than adding anything noticable to the South's war effort. He can be a useful companion, but you can never rely on him - he's just as likely to start worrying about his hairstyle as to actually pull a trigger in a fight.

Filth Column

The Filth Column, as they are generally known, are Nort infiltrators who work their way into Souther cities with the purpose of polluting the air or water supplies. So when you arrive at a city, there's always the chance that you will find no-one alive in it. If the city happens to be your mission destination, your mission fails - after all, dead men tell no tales. In these circumstances, you should report for a new mission immediately.

Jellyfish Mines

Jellyfish Mines have been developed to be dispensed onto water from the GI backpack. They are small, high-explosive contact mines engineered to have neutral bouyancy - that is, they neither float nor sink in water. You may find them useful in dealing with Nort patrol boats and other Coastal encounters.

Pocket Scanner

This is your own personalised early warning system - even better than a Helm Bio-chip. Apologies to the Helm Bio-chips in the audience, but remember, you have far greater uses in other directions. The pocket scanner will detect and identify any hostiles in your sector, leaving you forewarned and better able to react to their presence.

G-Rations

An army marches on its stomach, and you GIs are no exception. Even a GI needs food, and G-Rations have been developed by the Genies to provide the GI metabolism with all the necessary nutrients to keep it going. They're nothing fancy, and they certainly wouldn't win any Nu-Cuisine awards, but they'll keep you sharp and keep you going.

Good luck, Rogue. You'll need it.

Graeme Davis & Jervis Johnson

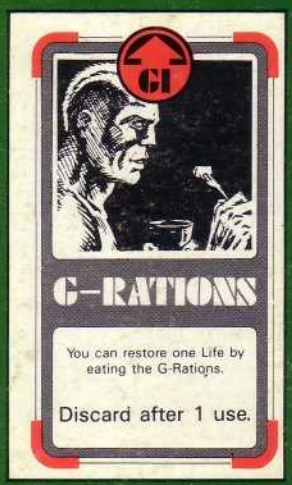
LANCDUATLEIR
LANCDUATLEIR
LANCDUATLEIR
ROGUE
ROGUE
ROGUE
SUPPLY
SUPPLY
SUPPLY
GAMES WORKSHOP

ROGUE TROOPER

WHITE DWARF presents you with NINE new cards for the amazing ROGUE TROOPER boardgame! ROGUE TROOPER, the latest in Games Workshop's range of 2000 AD games, is for 2-6 players, with a lavish full-colour board and character cards, 6 detailed plastic Rogue Trooper playing pieces and over 250 playing cards, illustrated profusely from the original comic-strip. It is set on Nu-Earth, a world devastated by nuclear, biological and chemical war netween the Norts and the Southers, and players control Genetic Infantrymen, or GI's, members of an elite force genetically engineered to win the war for the Southers. Most of the GI's were killed when their mission was revealed to the Norts by a traitor in Souther High Command, and the players - the only survivors of the ensuing massacre - now wander Nu-Earth, searching for clues which will help them run down and kill the traitor. As they search, the players will encounter hostile Nort forces and may collect companions and equipment to help them overcome the obstacles they face. Once the traitor is unmasked, the GIs chase him across Nu-Earth in a thrilling finish until he is killed. The game has been extensively researched, and will appeal to players who are unfamiliar with the comic-strip, as well as hardened Rogue Trooper fans.

To use your free extra cards, cut carefully around them, and then just add them to the appropriate card decks in the game.

NOW AVAILABLE
£14.95



ROGUE TROOPER is available from all good games stores, or in case of difficulty, contact Games Workshop, Chewton Street, Hilltop, EASTWOOD, Nottingham, NG16 3HY.

US customers please contact Games Workshop US, 8920 Route 108, COLUMBIA, MD 21045, USA.

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